ARE THE STARS AS IMMORAL AS THE MANAGERS?

MOVIE WEEKLY

FEBRUARY
24
1923

TEN
CENTS

Colleen Moore
photo - EDW. THAYER MONROE

Lewis Stone tells how Women can be Fooled ~

Can a Man Love two Women at once?
by Harrison Ford

MOVIE WEEKLY
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Who Goes There?

A representative of "Movie Weekly?" Pass "Movie Weekly." We know those rich brown covers of yours full well, and we know also the pleasure they hold in pictures and reading matter for thousands of readers.

All of which is only another way of saying that the contents of "Movie Weekly" for our next issue, March 3rd, will be something more than usually excellent, the proof of which, like the pudding, will be in the eating. We think it's so good that we want to let you in on it a little beforehand. There will be:

Should Screen Stars Indulge in Trial Marriages? A smashing feature presenting the views of a man and a woman star well known to the public of picture fans.

Dorothy Davenport Reid, widow of the late screen star, is about to commence war on dope in Hollywood through the medium of a motion picture, and the next issue of "Movie Weekly" will carry the complete story of her campaign.

"What Screen Fame Means to Me" by Marion Davies will be still another arresting story on the rise of this popular screen star from the ranks of the chorus.

Besides Which

There will be "What I Know about Husbands" by Marie Prevost, in which the dainty screen star, who is reported engaged to marry Kenneth Harlan, tells something about men that's nothing if not startling.

Madge Bellamy will contribute another instalment in her series "The Screen as a Career for a Girl," this time telling how to choose clothes for the camera.

And now, isn't this an attractive outline of what's coming? We think so, and we know you will, too.

Pictures, pictures, pictures! Of stars and plays.

Interviews with the stars that tell things of interest to our readers.

Special articles that keep them informed on the latest happenings in screenland.

All—on the newsstands every Thursday—52 times a year, which is just 40 more than the monthly magazines.

Is it any wonder the well-informed fan cannot do without it?

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This Week's Cover

is Colleen Moore, the beautiful young Goldwyn star, who has smiled and pouted her way into the hearts of millions of movie fans.

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Can Women be Fooled?

As Related to **Gladys Hall**

By Lewis Stone

Well Known *Screen Actor Discusses* Problems of *Matrimony* and *Explains* How People Who *Love Cannot Deceive* One Another

WE READ, we of the Editorial, that Lewis Stone was in the East to play with Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Pauline Garon and other notables in a George Melford production discouragingly entitled "You Can't Fool Your Wife."

One thing leads to another:

We fell to discussing the matter, the matter of wives, we mean.

We pondered aloud as to whether the title of the picture was truth in toto; whether or no you *can* fool your wife, assuming that you should want to, which you shouldn't, as you know.

From wives we fell to talking about women—which are Another Matter.

We said we wondered whether women are easily fooled. We meant by men. We know that women are not fooled easily or uneasily by other women. There's no such thing. Women can see through women as easy as running up bills.

We said that we thought we would ask a man about it. And that man ought to be a Man of Experience. Then we conceived the notion of putting it up to Lewis Stone. Being a woman, we didn't fool ourself in this matter. We have always had a secret desire to meet Mr. Stone. Besides, we did feel that he should know. We had seen him on the Screen. We had seen various pictures of him, and we had seen him on the stage, and he certainly looked to us as though fooling a woman would be no more difficult for him than lighting a cigarette.

Lewis Stone, screen favorite, who plays the role of the husband in *"You Can't Fool Your Wife,"* in a scene with *Leatrice Joy*.

BUT, AS a matter of fact, we had some difficulty in getting Mr. Stone to understand just what we meant by our question. He much preferred to sip tea and tell us amusing anecdotes and be generally charming and entertaining.

"What do you mean by the word 'fooling?'" he asked, anxious to be of service. For he is thoroughly charming and gracious, and well-bred enough to strive to please be it ever so painful.

When thus pressed, we didn't know and couldn't say, and Mr. Stone helped us out:

"Do you mean," he said, "are women easily *deceived*, by their husbands, or their lovers, or something like that?"

We said that we imagined that we *did* mean "something like that."

"Well, now, I'm sorry," said Mr. Stone; "because you have come to the wrong man. I can't say, *because I've never tried*—except on the screen.

"I'm amazingly inexperienced when it comes to women. I don't understand them. I've never dared to try. I'm at their mercy utterly. I don't think I've ever broken any hearts—except on the screen. I have surely never tried to."

"Never?" we said, with tears of disappointment. There went a good story! A dolorous line of damsels would have been SUCH good telling!

Still, the man who never broke a heart has his angle. The man who didn't know women. And the man who so easily could. There is the story in the very fact that poor Mr. Stone must have had such a hard time trying NOT to break hearts, his mere presence is a bit shattering, *we* found!

"No, never," said Mr. Stone, "really, I feel terribly sorry. It's so hard on you. Couldn't you let the article go through with a couple of blank

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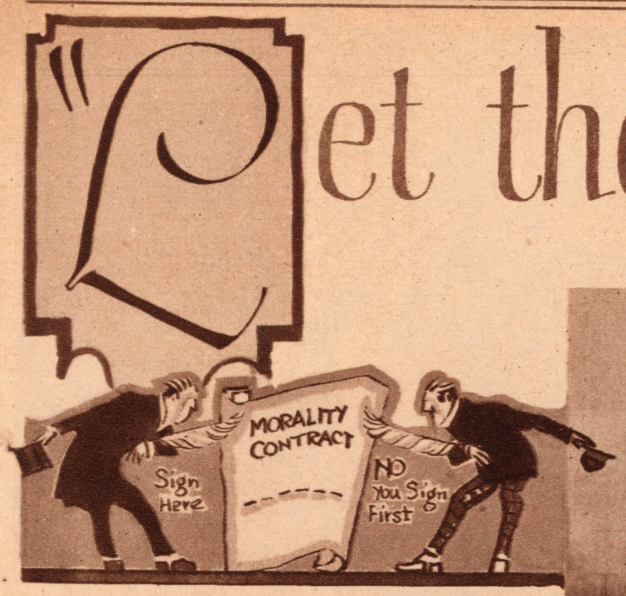
"I'm amazingly inexperienced when it comes to women," *Mr. Stone* confessed. "I don't understand them. I've never dared try."

Let the managers sign



Players Indignantly Denounce "*Morality*" Clause Producers Seek to *Incorporate* in Contract---*John Emerson*, Spokesman for *Screen Folks*

By T. Howard Kelly

TEMPERAMENT has given way to temper in the Mecca of the movies. Hollywood and the rest of filmland is fighting mad over the attempt of producers to make all screen players legally pledge themselves to keep the Ten Commandments and all other critieria of morality that exist in this twentieth century.

Stars and actors alike describe this move to insert a morality clause in the proposed standard contract as "the greatest insult ever offered to a man or woman in the profession." It is in reality a nasty reflection not alone upon the motion picture actors, but also on the industry as a whole.

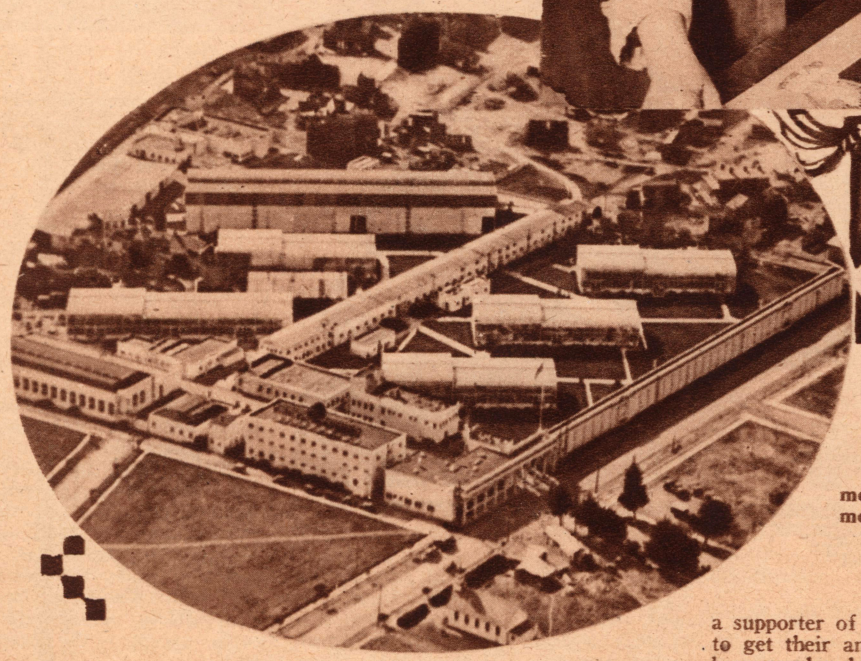
The only inference to be drawn from the proposal for this clause in a player's contract is that such a drastic step must be taken in order to keep movie folks on the right side of the moral deadline. Consequently, it is only natural that film men and women are up in arms against the idea, and refuse to sign contracts incorporating such a clause.

By putting yourself in the position of a screen actor under these circumstances, you can easily enough get their point of view. And, if you are a supporter of pictures, you ought to get their angle on this matter, because already the reformers and antagonists of the movies are beginning to say:

"I told you so. Those high-salaried stars and movie people don't want to be good. They want to spend their money on wild good times—drinking and gambling. Now they are asked to sign a contract to keep respectable, and they refuse . . ."

If you hear talk of this kind, and there is lots of it going around to make matters worse, the easiest way to stop such scurrilous slander is to say that the movie stars and actors will sign this pledge, even though it be against their principles, if the managers and executives will sign a similar moral clause.

***John Emerson*, president of *Equity*, who says that the players will sign morality contract after the managers have done so. He is seen here with his wife, *Anita Loos*, well-known scenario writer.**



A view of *Hollywood* from an aeroplane—the movie colony, in which most of the world's motion pictures are made.

This statement will be a true one, for John Emerson, president of Equity Association, who recently returned from Hollywood, tells me that many film folks have promised to sign the new standard contract with a morality clause, on that condition.

AND THIS point is really the most vital one in the entire controversy affecting the proposed moral clause. It is one that has furnished professional people and the public food for thought ever since the show business began. In this particular case, the actor and the manager are facing each other out in the open, with all the people as an audience, and it is high time that such a thing has come to pass.

If an actor or an actress is first insulted by being told that he or she must sign a moral pledge before securing a role, and then made to suffer personally for the indiscretions and scandals of a minority in the profession, then the managers should be given a dose of the same medicine. A manager or film executive has as much of a moral obligation to the public as any actor. So say the actors.

Of course, we can all hazard a pretty good guess as to why a moral clause has been suggested for movie actors' contracts. It is an obvious effort

'Morality Contract' first!" say Screen Folk

Ben Turpin **and** ***Phyllis Haver*** **in a recent comedy. Who is there that can point the finger of reproach at** ***Ben*** **and say that his life is other than it should be?**

on the part of the money interests in the pictures to guarantee the certainty of their own profits, and to minimize their chance of losing money through a star's moral indiscretion. The Arbuckle affair has been one of the greatest warnings the producers ever received.

THE Famous Players-Lasky Company have over two million dollars' worth of Arbuckle films getting dusty on their storage shelves, because the fat fun-maker incurred public hostility on account of his trial for the death of Virginia Rappe. One or two other tragedies growing out of Hollywood have now confirmed the producers' and managers' fear that movie stars can become worthless over night by stepping a tiny bit off the straight and narrow path.

Consequently, the morality clause, they think, will not only protect their interests, but it will make the picture-going public feel that the men behind the scenes in the films are determined to stamp the alleged vices of the industry out of every studio and actor's home.

The self-protecting money interests are wrong in this belief. It is a fallacious argument to say that any human being can be forced into virtue. And that is just about what signing a morality clause under compulsion would mean. Signing a statement cannot change a man's or a woman's character.

AS A FAN you should realize that you alone are the one who holds the morality of the film folks in the hollow of your hand. When an actor or actress offends the public's sense of decency, it is up to you to banish him or her by refusing to patronize their pictures.

Personally, I do not blame the players for being indignant over the suggestion of incorporating this morality term in their contracts. It is an out and out implication, which singles out the acting profession in the movies, as composed of

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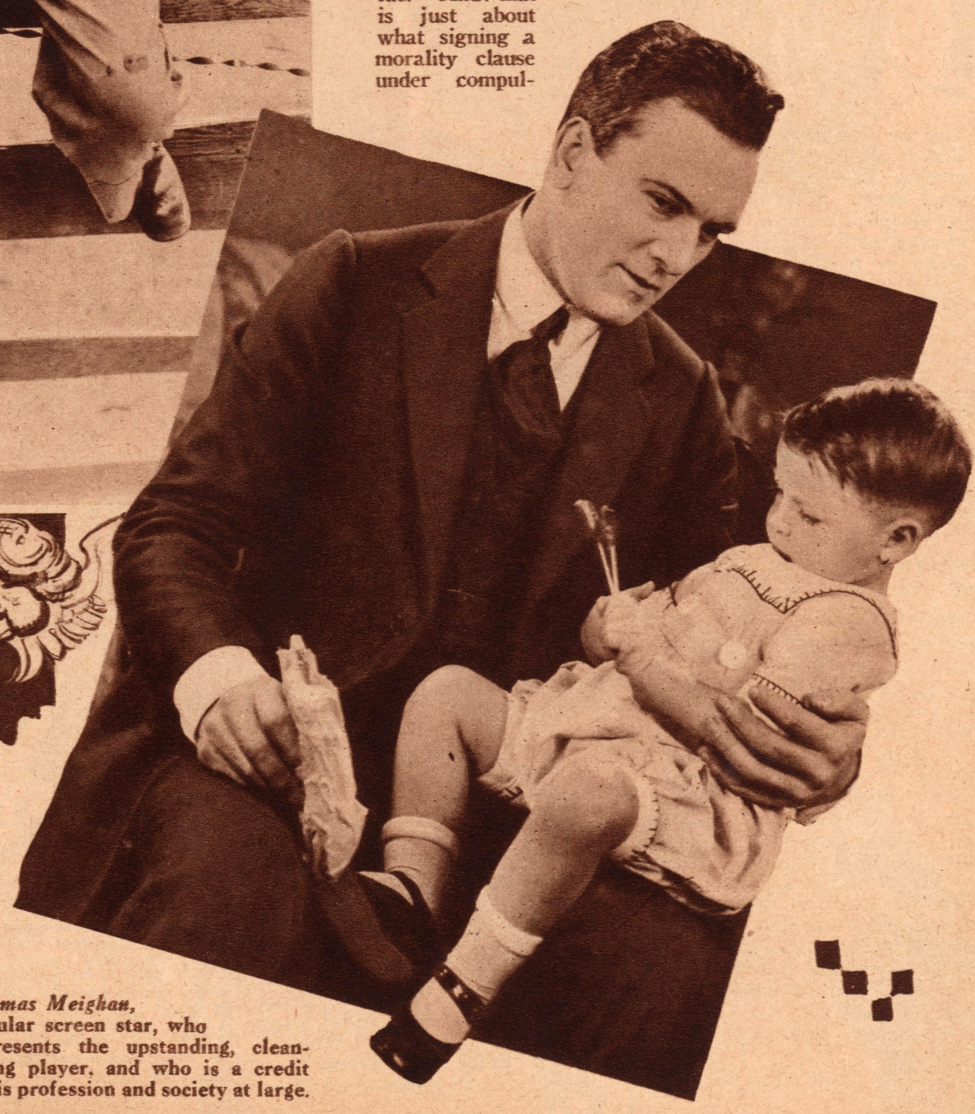


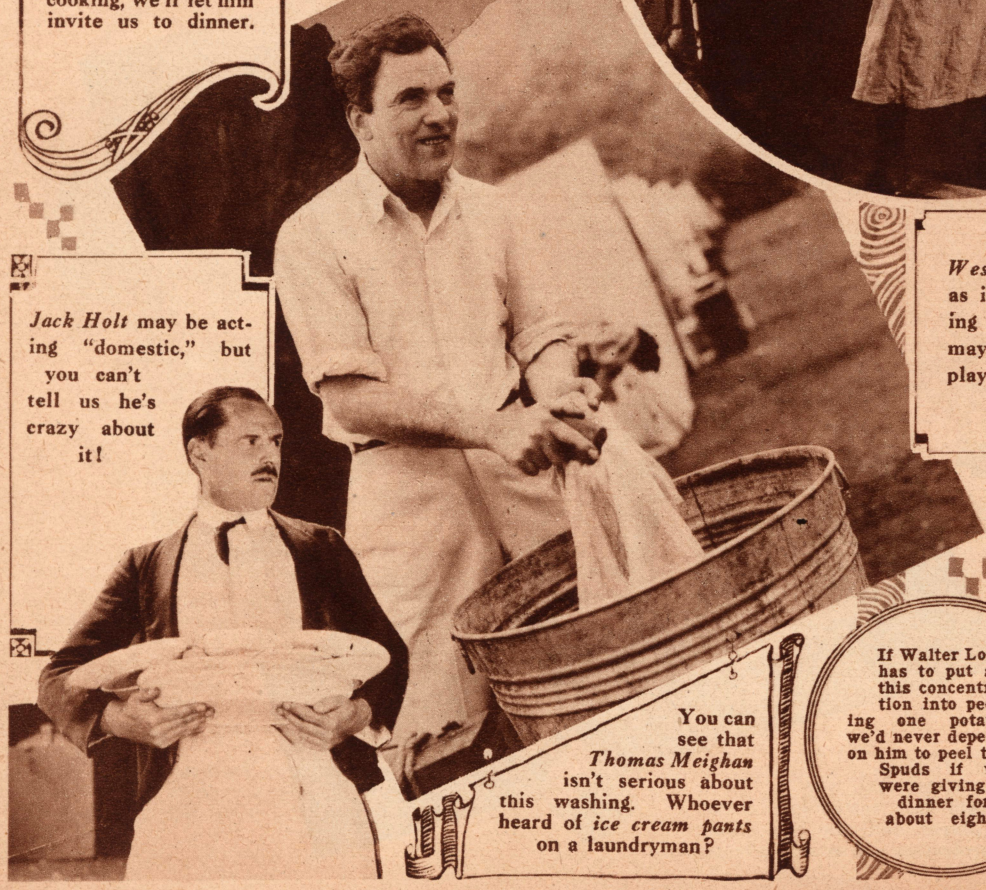
Thomas Meighan, **popular screen star, who represents the upstanding, clean-living player, and who is a credit to his profession and society at large.**

A MALE STAR'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME

This is just *Monte Blue's* sly way of proving that he's a good cook. If he's not afraid of his own cooking, we'll let him invite us to dinner.

That shovel is just a "prop" to indicate that *Theodore Roberts* is working. But with that cigar in his mouth — we know better.

If you want to feather your nest, watch *Henry B. Walthall.* He'll show you how to do it.



Jack Holt may be acting "domestic," but you can't tell us he's crazy about it!

You can see that *Thomas Meighan* isn't serious about this washing. Whoever heard of *ice cream pants* on a laundryman?

Wesley Barry looks as if he were drying dishes, but maybe he's only playing "spin the plate."

If Walter Long has to put all this concentration into peeling one potato, we'd never depend on him to peel the Spuds if we were giving a dinner for about eight!

At What Age Should A Screen Star Marry~If Any?

As Related to Regina Cannon

By Mary Thurman

Film beauty discloses *views* on screen art and *matrimony to* inquiring *lady interviewer*—Gives *latter* a *shock*

MARY THURMAN'S advice to movie actresses who have the matrimonial complex is—Don't! Being a movie actress and being married at the same time is too big a job for one woman. Of course, if, after a few rounds with the Kleigs a girl decides reform—well, then—that's different!

At least, these are Miss Thurman's views and she claims to know! From experience? Not at all! From observation!

"'I learned about matrimony from my friends,' as Kipling might have said," remarked Mary in tones decisive though not cynical.

We were having tea in the Titian-haired little lady's apartment at the Hotel Ansonia, when Mary made this startling declaration. Upon my arrival Miss Thurman put away the cards she had been playing solitaire with.

"Ah," I sleuthed, when I discovered she was having a little game with herself. "This lady believes that 'he travels fastest, who travels alone.'" And I proved to be right.

Mary's table was set with the daintiest tea things I've ever seen. The dishes were sea green, the silver was all specially shiny and gleaming bright, the cut glass sparkled like a jeweller's window. Neat littles piles of cress sandwiches and cinnamon toast and the most tempting pink and white cakes were heaped on dainty platters, and last, but surely not least, a silver pot containing the steaming Orange Pekoe.

Everything was perfect, even to the Ophelia roses and smilax that decorated the diminutive table. And Mary seemed to take a definite pride at playing hostess.

And how did Mary look herself? Just sweet! She wore a simple black velvet frock with lovely lines just calculated to display to advantage her lissom figure and set off her beautiful ruddy bobbed locks. I had expected Mary to be pretty. She was radiant!

"How come, Miss Thurman?" I asked apprehensively. "Aren't any of your friends happily married? Now in my wide acquaintance I can boast of two couples who are making a success—yes, honestly making a huge success, of married life."

Mary Thurman and *Richard Barthelmess* in a tense moment in *"The Bond Boy,"* a recent picture.

"When I marry," said *Miss Thurman*, "if I ever do, that is the day I shall lock up the greasepaint and whitening forevermore."

Mary was pouring the tea.

"And they're movie people?" she inquired incredulously.

"Well," I parried, "they're stage people."

"I'm sorry I can't say as much," returned Miss Thurman, "for it doesn't seem to take more than two years to upset any matrimonial craft that ever set sail—that is, if said craft is carrying a 'movie.'

"Will you have cream or lemon," she continued, "and how many lumps of sugar?"

"I take neither cream nor lemon nor sugar," I replied loftily, as if I had been used to teaing with celebrities all my life.

"Very good, Miss," quoth Mary, imitating her butler's best manner. And a mischievous look gleamed in her large gray eyes.

Miss Thurman sipped her Orange Pekoe and looked more thoughtful.

"You know," she continued, "I don't think, in spite of what anybody says, that one can successfully combine marriage and a career. You've just got to neglect one or the other—and it's usually the 'other,' which is the *marriage* part of the combine."

"In other words, you can't combine business with pleasure?" I asked flippantly.

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"Bella Donna"

A Story of Elemental Passion

by Paul Rochester

Famous Novel Lives Again on *Screen* with *Pola Negri* in the Leading Role

POLA NEGRI'S long-awaited first "Made-in-America" picture, "Bella Donna," is here.

A new Pola Negri, recreated by her voyage across the Atlantic and across the United States to Hollywood, appears in pictures for the first time. Carmen, Du Barry, the desert girl of "One Arabian Night," have vanished. In their place is "Bella Donna," woman of the world and of the Los Angeles' studios.

No picture has been more eagerly awaited than this, the first to show the famous German star in a production created by Americans, supported by an American cast, directed by one of America's leading directors. When you see it, you will find it difficult at first to become accustomed to the fiery Pola, in surroundings peopled by such famous American players as Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Macey Harlam and Claude King.

But soon you will forget the novelty. You will become absorbed in the tale of the desert, a beautiful woman, and her tragic love.

"Bella Donna," the novel by Robert Hichens, was one of the best sellers of its day. Guided into pictures by the expert hand of George Fitzmaurice, it has been made into a film of extraordinary beauty. It is the tale of one of the world's most exquisite women, Bella Donna, a creature of love.

The story opens at a moment when Bella Donna realizes for the first time that she has passed the moment of her rarest beauty. She is on the path trodden by age. The first wrinkles are finding their way into her hitherto flawless face. Yet she is courageous. She faces the truth: that she is getting old.

At that moment, when Time has spoken to her in unmistakable tones, she meets Nigel Armine (Conrad Nagel), a young Englishman, who has just returned from an expedition into the Egyptian desert. Nigel is an idealist. He endows women with purer motives, rarer beauty than they really possess. And, because of his long absence from England, he knows nothing of the reputation of Bella Donna, nothing of her past, when she was merely a Mrs. Chepstow, and not the reigning beauty of London.

NIGEL'S interest in Bella Donna does not pass unnoticed. Its immediate result is the breaking of his engagement with Patricia Isaacson (Lois Wilson), whose father, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, is a famous physician, an artist, a man powerfully attractive to women.

Dr. Isaacson attempts to break off the relationship between Bella Donna and Nigel. He fails. On the very morning when he visits her house to intercede, he finds that she has married the young man. He can do nothing. Yet, in his heart, he hates Bella Donna. And she, intuitively, acknowledges to herself that this man is her enemy; that he will attempt to destroy her. She is relieved to be able to leave London with her young husband and to go to Egypt. where Nigel resumes his life work of exploration of the desert.

YET IN Egypt new dangers beset her. She succumbs to the exotic warmth of the East. She slips away from the spell which Nigel has exercised upon her. She visits Egyptian dance halls, hasheesh dens. In one of the latter, she is attracted to a tall, handsome Arabian, a man of great energy and will, a princely potentate, who, she learns, is Mahmoud Baroudi (Conway Tearle).

Baroudi pays his respects to her. He Meets Nigel, invites the couple to visit the temples, the pyramids, his villa, to make the trip in one of his boats. Bella Donna, despite herself, feels the response in her pulses to Mahmoud's presence. She shrinks from him. She does not wish to destroy her new happiness, but the sensuality of his surroundings, the fascinating rituals of the East, the power of the man in contrast to her own slight, effete husband, overwhelms her. Mahmoud finds her alone. He draws her into a passionate embrace. At its climax she sees the face of a native woman at the latticed window, laughing at the scene of love. She withdraws and in a rage demands that Mahmoud atone for the presence of another woman aboard the yacht. She insists on quitting the vessel at once. Mahmoud politely agrees.

Furious because she has been defeated in this love battle, because at last she has fallen in love with a man instead of making the man yield to her, she urges Nigel to take her deeper into the desert where she can forget. At the moment of their leaving. Nigel receives word that a child has been born to another member of his family; he may not inherit the fortune he expected. The fear of losing the riches for which she married Nigel, enrages her further. Nigel accuses her of marrying him for his fortune, but, although this was the truth, she plays with him, pretending that

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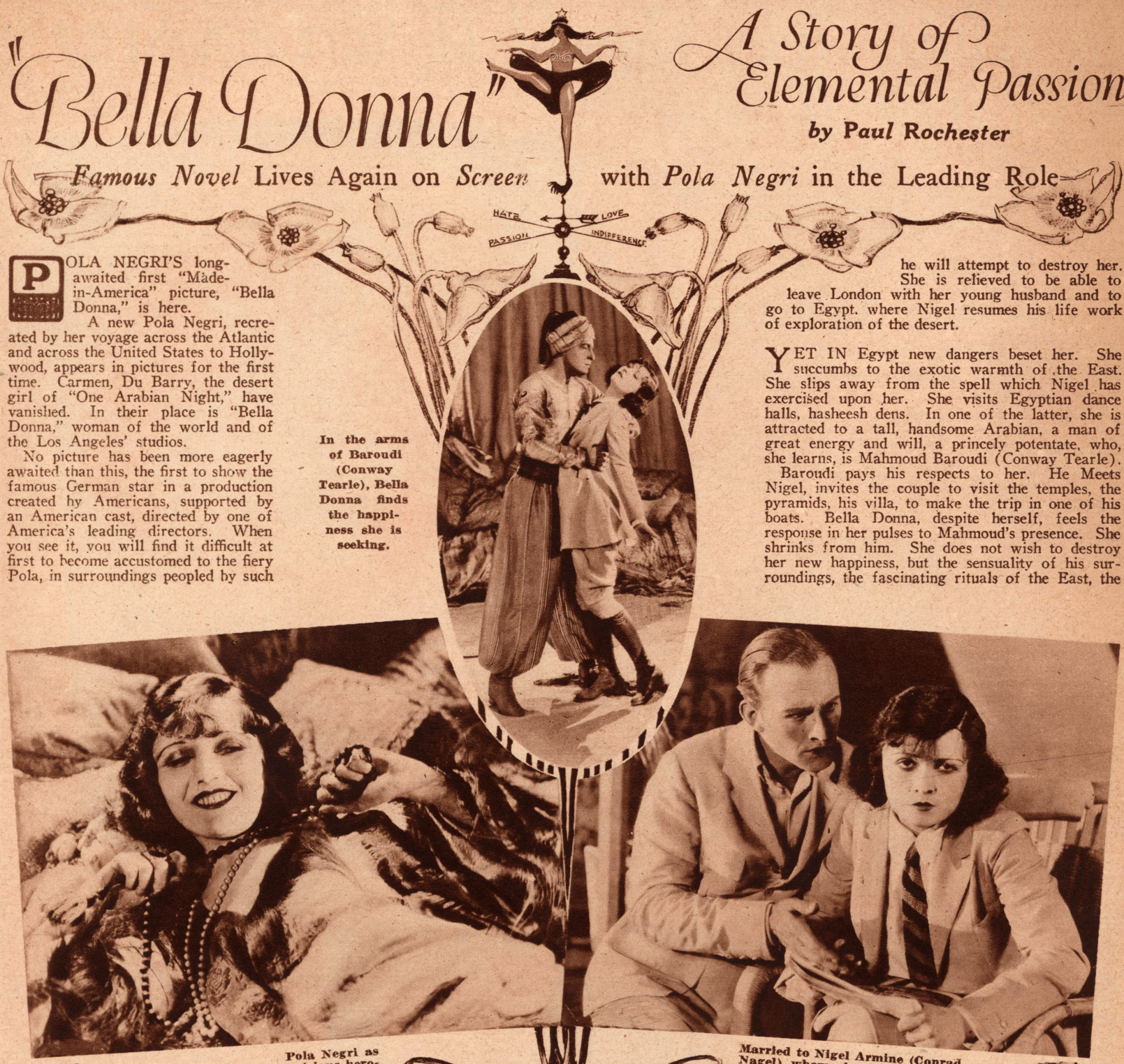


In the arms of Baroudi (Conway Tearle), Bella Donna finds the happiness she is seeking.

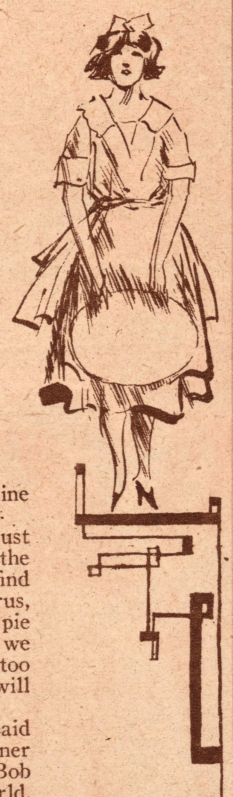
Pola Negri as Bella Donna, the capricious heroine of the picturized novel.

Married to Nigel Armine (Conrad Nagel) whom she does not love, Bella Donna plots to poison him

"I may be poor," said Polly, but I'm respectable."

"Polly Preferred," the Broadway *stage success*, is the story of *a girl's career* in the movies

By P. L. Atkinson



GIRLS, do you want to get into the movies and go to Hollywood and become a star overnight and have a producing company named after you and—and—everything?

This is what happened to Genevieve Tobin, who is playing in "Polly Preferred" at the Little Theatre, in New York.

But, for the edification and delight of those of you who cannot arrange your time or your appointments to see the show, I will tell you about it—in my own way—if you don't mind.

It goes something like this:

Polly Brown was a sweet and pretty little chorus girl, with a nice job in a successful musical show. Everything was jake with her until Joe Rutherford, the backer of the show, began to get fresh. Joe was one of those rich and ruthless, girl-pinching married men, who ought to have their face slapped about ninety-nine times a day, to make them behave properly.

Well, when Joe got fresh with Polly, she just walked right out on the show, and went across the street to an Automat restaurant. There we find her and Jimmie, her girl friend, also of the chorus, taking nourishment in the form of a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. From their conversation we gather that Polly's immediate future is none too rosy; that if she doesn't get a job soon, she will starve, and all that sort of thing.

It is then that the hero arrives on the scene; said hero being one Bob Cooley, who, in his saner moments, is a salesman. And, take it from Bob himself, that he can sell anything in the world. He displays more nerve and assurance than thirty-two floor-walkers and eighty-five insurance solicitors—but he does, then and there, capture Polly's heart, especially when he tells her that he is going to "sell" her.

"Here you are," says Bob, casting an appraising eye over her trim figure, "an actress, out of a job. Here am I, a-salesman in search of a position. You have youth, beauty, grace, talent; I have the ability to sell, and sell large, high and strong. I'll sell you—to the movies."

There you are, girls. That's the secret! All you need to make Adolph Zukor or Cecil De Mille employ you at ten thousand dollars a week is to find a salesman like this here Bob Cooley, and turn him loose. Only, I greatly fear, such salesmen exist only on the screen, on the printed page or in the theatre. That's the rub!

Well, anyway, Bob does sell Polly and a jolly good job he makes of it, though the tactics he uses would have landed another man behind four thick, heavy, concrete walls, with barred windows, looking out upon a cheerless courtyard.

The "buyers" or "incorporators" of Polly, are a doddering old advertising agent, a young and impressionable financial genius, an eminent magazine cover artist and—who would have guessed it?—Joe Rutherford himself, the villain, who puts up most of the money after having ridiculed the idea.

They hire a motion picture director—a famous personage, if you take their word for it. And girls, I wish you could have seen him and heard him talk. He was, so to speak, a scream—one of those "I thought-I'd-die" persons. You can tell he's a director because he wears puttees, carries his handkerchief up his sleeve and wears a soft, low-necked shirt. That's how you can tell who is the director around a real studio—*I don't think*. A director, that is, one who really directs, is more often than not a large, corpulent gentleman who wears baggy trousers, chews tobacco and uses cuss words rather freely.

Genevieve Tobin, who plays *Polly*, the girl who left the chorus to become a waitress because she wasn't "that kind."

The deal by which Polly is put over is effected in an office which Bob has (in polite language) borrowed for the occasion, to promote a motion picture star who has never been on the screen, with mysterious funds which he doesn't possess. Now if that isn't highway robbery in the first degree, I don't know what is.

When the "backers" discover, through Joe Rutherford, that the whole scheme is a bluff, Bob stands a chance of being handed over to the local *gendarmerie*. But hold! The motion picture director speaks.

"Ah, good," he says, looking Polly over. "Splendid head; graceful carriage; wonderful poise; walk my girl, walk; turn around, now, steady; fine; wonderful—I can make a screen star out of her, gentlemen, indeed I can. When do we start work on her first picture?"

Yes, sir, it's just as easy as that—on the stage. But, in real life, oh, how different!

Where is the girl who could sweep a hard-headed, hard-hearted motion picture director off his feet with one whisk of the broom?

Where is the director who could, immediately, exclaim and get away with it, that he will make a successful picture with a girl for a star that never even saw a studio? Echo, which is always up to some trick, answers "Where?"

We next find Polly, and Jimmie, her girl friend, and Bob and Rutherford, and—well, everybody we met in New York—in wicked Hollywood.

Polly has made a couple of marvelously successful pictures, everyone is coining money on her, and life is one grand, sweet song. She wears the sweetest negligee, she has the darlingest "breakfast room" and she's the happiest girl in the world—or would be—if Bob would only whisper words of love in her tiny, pink, shell-like ear.

Bob, however, is, as usual, so wrapped up in

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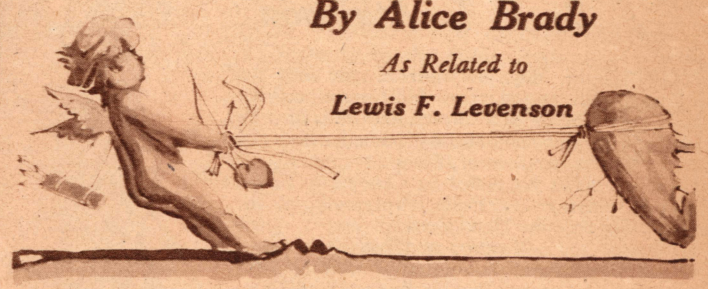
Can a Woman Love two Men at the Same Time?

By Alice Brady

As Related to

Lewis F. Levenson



Alice Brady **and** ***Robert Ellis*** **in a catch-as-catch-can embrace from a recent vehicle of the screen star.**

"No woman can love two men at the same time," said *Miss Brady*. "She may like two, three or a hundred men, but love—never!"

Screen *Star Reveals Secrets* of Her Own *Sex in Relation* to Men, *Love and Marriage*

NON, non, non! Eeet is not so! A woman, she cannot—what you say?—love twice at once . . ."

The reason for all this French-accent stuff is that Alice Brady, pressed for an answer to the burning question: Can a Women Love Two Men at One and the Same Time? refused to step out of her character of Annette, the French-Canadian heroine of "Snow Bride," her coming picture.

"I feel very French-Canadian, very" she protested. "When anyone has been freezing to death up in Labrador for four weeks, actually freezing, I mean, sleeping in a log cabin in a land where the thermometer never rises above 20 below zero in winter time, one gets the hang of the French-Canadian idea, and can't get rid of it all at once. I've been back in civilization two days now and in addition to a case of what looks like the grippe I still get a chill when I think of the temperature up there."

As an avalanche is the choice movie tid-bit to be served up in "Snow Bride," Miss Brady, Lefty Flynn and Director Henry Kolker set out to look for an avalanche. The nearest thing they could find was four and a half days' ride, by train, boat and sled, into the southern part of Labrador. They were just thawing out when I dropped in on them at Famous Players' Astoria studio.

"Still, I have one or two ideas on the subject of love, and these are them, as you might say:

"A question like yours has an obvious answer. No woman can love two men at the same time. She may like two, three or a hundred men, but love—never! It can't be done.

"The modern man and women just can't get the exact meaning of love into his or her head. Love is passion, love is a desire to protect, a desire to sacrifice one's self for love's sweet sake. Love is devouring, all-embracing, infinite. By its very definition it excludes all others in the world."

BETWEEN scenes, Miss Brady paused for a moment. A happy inspiration struck her.

"Here's a story that will illustrate my meaning better than anything else I could say. The poet Shelley preached with all the fire of his youth the possibility of a man or a woman loving as much and as often as the desire came. He was a child, not yet twenty, when he married. Among his friends was another advocate of free love, William Godwin. Godwin had a beautiful daughter, Mary, a fair girl of sixteen.

"When Shelley met Mary Godwin, he had been married several years, he had two children. His wife was about to become a mother for the third time. He had loved his wife; he still professed loving her. But—he said—he loved Mary Godwin, too. So he secretly eloped with Mary, going from England to Switzerland.

"What was the result? His friends passed him on the street. He was a social outcast. For a brief time he was happy with his new love. Then came the news that his wife had thrown herself into a lake. His children, the children he deserted, were alone in the world.

"He hurried back to England, married Mary, made her his wife. There had been nothing evil in his actions. He had done as he believed, only that. But too late he realized that love divided was not love at all. He had never loved his wife. He really loved Mary. The suffering, the tragedy, the exile he was fated to endure, were the direct results of his mistake.

"That is the story of a man's divided love, but it is equally true of a woman. Too many people believe that love is nothing but a four-letter word, something that rhymes with 'dove' and 'above.' Love is intense, consuming. Don't banter about love. It's too serious a subject, very much like fire: pretty to look at but capable of leaving indelible scars on those who trifle with it."

SO much for love, as interpreted by Alice Brady. "But I want to tell you about my trip. We left New York on January first. They dumped us out at the end of the line up in Quebec, and we had to ride for eight hours in the caboose of a locomotive on an incompleted spur of the railroad, over which an engine had never before gone, before we reached our destination. Then we had a nice four hours' sleigh-ride until we reached the avalanche.

"Two aeroplane propellers and motors had been shipped up north for the snow storm scene. The first time we did it, the soft snow froze in the bitter cold as it was whipped by the propellers and both Mr. Flynn and myself thought our beauty

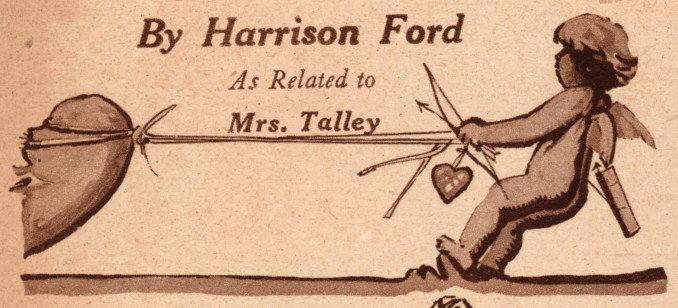
(*Continued on page* 31)

Can a Man Love two Women at the Same Time?

By Harrison Ford

As Related to

Mrs. Talley



Popular *Leading Man Discusses* Polygamous *Tendencies* of *Masculine Sex* and Makes Some Very *Startling Disclosures*

"With just the ordinary luke-warm kind of love," said *Mr. Ford*, "it's certainly possible for a man to love two women at once."

Harrison Ford* and *Marguerite de la Motte* in their romantic scene from *"Shadows."

OF course a man can love two women at the same time," said Harrison Ford. "He can love 'em all!"

"Do you really mean that, or are you just trying to say something romantic?" I asked.

The waiter brought in the soup. We were having lunch, Mr. Ford and I—Harrison, not Henry—at the Commodore Hotel in New York.

I began again. "Tell me honestly, and in all seriousness," I said, "do you think a man can love two women at the same time?"

Harrison grinned. He has a most contagious smile; he never seems to take anything very seriously. His brown eyes have an impish twinkle—yes, he is a decided brunette. On this occasion he wore a grey suit, grey spats and a blue shirt.

"It depends on your definition of love. What does love really mean?"

"Don't *you* know?" I countered. "Aren't you an expert?"

He grinned again. "Not I," he denied, but I think he was just being modest.

"I know you love the ladies," I began.

"All of them," he declared, in his most gallant manner. And incidentally his most gallant manner is the nth degree of gallantness! He is so very courteous and deferential that you could almost believe him capable of "doing a Sir Walter Raleigh." You feel sure he wouldn't object to having his coat walked on if it would give a fair damsel any pleasure!

"I want to get right down to cases," I declared. "Suppose it came down to a question of two women. Do you think it's possible to love two of them at once so that you wouldn't know which of them you preferred?"

I paused to take a bite of steak. The rules of etiquette say you mustn't talk while eating.

"It's a deep question," said Harrison thoughtfully, buttering his bread, "and it requires some deep thinking."

"All right," I assented, "let's stop and think awhile."

MR. FORD dispatched a bit of egg. All the movie stars order eggs for luncheon, though they always insist they've had breakfast hours ago!

"I should think," said Harrison finally, "that it would be possible to love one woman so much that no one else in the world mattered."

"But aren't you sure?" I demanded.

"The thing I am not sure of," Harrison specified, "is whether one could fall in love so deeply as that. That's why I said that so much depends on your definition of love. Many people think they're in love when their affection is really rather luke-warm. With just the ordinary luke-warm kind of love, it's certainly possible to love two women at once."

Here was a man, it seemed, who had love all classified. According to his scheme, a girl might say in answer to the fateful question, "Yes, I love you, dear, with a luke-warm affection." And then of course there would be the hectic kind of love—the flaming variety.

"But," I continued, "how about this deep adoring kind of love?" Do you think a man could be in love with two women at once, with a love like that?"

"If a man were tremendously in love," he answered thoughtfully—and girls he looked *so* romantic! "I think there would be only one woman in the world for him. Everything and everybody else would cease to exist as far as he was concerned."

"Yes?" I urged, as he paused thoughtfully, and I was surprised at the vehemence of his answer.

"It must be wonderful to love like that," he said very, very seriously, as he lit a cigarette. "If only one could!"

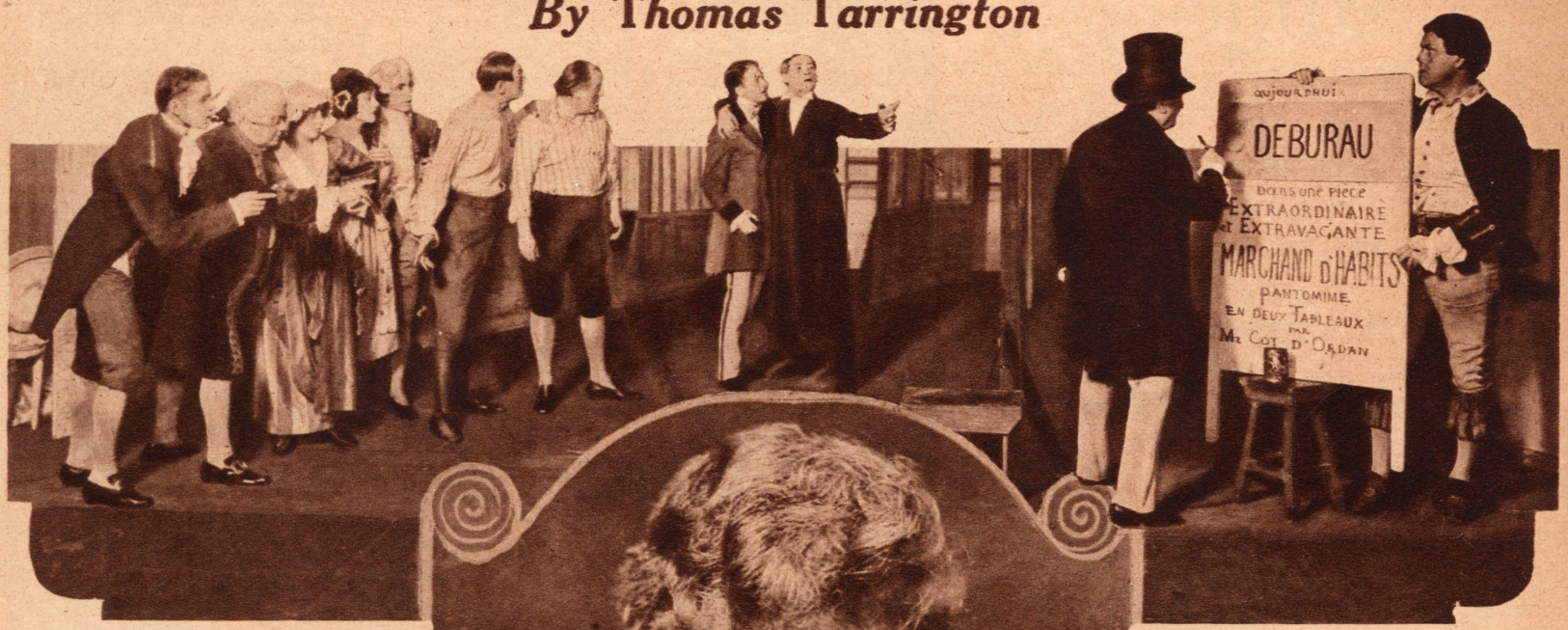
"Then," I said, stirring my demitasse, "you don't think it's possible for one to love that deeply?"

(*Continued on page* 30)

Belasco Succumbs to Lure of Movies

Veteran stage producer *signs contract* with *Warner Brothers* to act *in advisory capacity* in picturization *of famous stage successes*

By Thomas Tarrington



A dramatic scene from the *Belasco* stage success, *"Deburau,"* in which *Lionel Atwill* starred.

SUPPOSE I told you a second David Wark Griffith had entered the movie world? You would most likely smile and think my statement absurd. You would say that there is only one D. W. Griffith, the master.

But—if I prove my words, won't you, as a movie fan, be glad? Of course, because it will mean that we can expect more of the best in pictures. Well, I am going to prove my words. Not literally to be sure.

In the footlight world of make-believe there is a name that has about it both a halo and a magic. David Belasco is the name. It stands for the best traditions of stageland; for the highest kind of dramatic idealism; for a spirit of theatrical pioneering; for the courage to dare in behalf of amusement's sake; finally it represents a character who is as much loved for his kindliness as he is revered for his mastership.

David Belasco, after eight years of aloofness from the films, has come to the pictures, bringing with him three of his most successful plays; his broad experience and genius for producing. But, to those of us who like the movies for the great amount of entertainment and instruction they give there is vastly more significance in Mr. Belasco's coming to the silver screen than the mere bringing of such famous plays as "Deburau," "Daddies," and "The Return of Peter Grimm."

When a man like David Belasco is finally won over by the screen it is time to realize that the films are achieving a high and commendable place in the world of drama and art. There is also a great promise in Belasco's coming,—a promise that will benefit the pictures and the fans.

In the dramatic world he represents the goal of all his profession. Playwright, producer and student of life, she is the dream-maker for all of the famous people who come under his guiding influence. Actors and actresses have long recognized it a high honor to be in one of his productions. For Belasco is the exacting type; the kind who strives for the perfect in drama. Consequently to please him is to please the gods!

***David Belasco,* wizard of the speaking stage, who has just disposed of the screen rights to three of his stage plays for a sum exceeding $500,000.**

David Wark Griffith has come to enjoy a position in the screen universe similar to that held by Mr. Belasco on the stage. That is why I hail Belasco's entry in the films as the coming of a second Griffith. Belasco, in his own province, is of course a master older in years and experience than Griffith. But, Griffith has proved so far that he is the super genius of the pictures. Hence the equal comparison.

NOW where do the critics of the silent drama stand? I wonder what they will say to Mr. Belasco's affiliation with the motion picture industry. Surely they dare not scoff the movies any longer. You can be certain of one thing in connection with the film move and that is this: Belasco was not induced by money lures. He sold his picture rights for the three plays mentioned for a quarter of a million dollars it is reported, plus a percentage of profits to be derived from the photoplays. But this was no fabulous sum with which to tempt Belasco. For the past eight years he has been approached with fat purses by movie concerns. Until now he has repeatedly refused to talk movies. Here is the significance of his change of mind. Belasco has undoubtedly come to a point of view that the motion pictures of the present have progressed as a

(*Continued on page* 31)

Some Screen Stars Who Are Superstitious

Are You Afraid of Walking Under Ladders, *Breaking Mirrors*, and Having *Black Cats* Cross Your Path? *If so, Read* the following *Article*

By Elizabeth Peterson

Claire Windsor missed a bargain sale by opening an umbrella in the house.

HAVE you a little superstition of your own? Most people have, you know, even if it is just a little harmless one like throwing salt over your left shoulder to avoid a quarrel, or refusing to walk under a ladder, or knocking wood. Some delight in superstitions that bring them good luck, others fear those which bring them bad luck and it must be admitted there are very few of us who believe that superstitions bring no luck at all. Black cats and baying dogs, wild geese and flying crows, piebald horses and lame cattle, have all caused their own share of superstitions, and in some cases the same superstition has stood for both good and evil.

Marie Prevost does not mind walking under a ladder, but a broken mirror is enough to disturb her rest for weeks.

For instance, only recently a bitter battle was waged in a West Coast studio between two popular feminine stars. One, a recent acquisition of the company, arrived for her first day's work at the studio to find it overrun with black cats. She screamed. She swore. She had hysterics all over the place. She said the cats must go! They were her especial superstition. They always brought her bad luck. Just when it seemed the poor tabbies must lose their many lives, the other star arrived upon the scene. Indignantly catching the cats, or as many of them as she could manage, into her arms, she faced her rival defiantly.

"If the cats go—I go!" was her edict.

The fact that the cats remained might be one of two things: The proof of the cat-loving star's ascendancy, or the humanitarian view of the case taken by the producers. At any rate, the cats started a bitter battle, and all because one thought they brought bad luck, while the other was equally certain that they meant good luck.

Marie Prevost, that personable young actress, who has brought the heroines of two of the year's most famous books to the screen, has two pet superstitions. She insists there isn't a ladder in the world she wouldn't walk under, nor, on the other hand, does she consider it good luck if she does. But a broken mirror is enough to disturb her rest for weeks, while peacock feathers are almost as disturbing to her state of peace. Consequently when, one morning, she arrived at her dressing room to find that she had broken the mirror in her dainty mesh bag, she was in no enviable frame of mind. Judge then, what happened when she arrived on the set, to find a costume awaiting her approval—a fancy dress affair made of—peacock feathers.

"If you ever see the tail of a piebald horse," says *Pauline Starke*, "you can be prepared for the worst."

When quiet was returned to the studio, everybody began swapping superstitions in that way people have of doing, just the same way they exchange operations at the bedside of an ill friend or deaths at a funeral.

Harry Myers, who can always be counted on to become facetious even in serious moments like this, insisted that every time he wore shoes that weren't mates, he would get into no end of trouble.

This made Marie Prevost laugh so much that

(*Continued on page* 30)

A "DOWN WHALE

Elmer Clifton's Pictures Well Done---*Dorothy Dalton's* Latest---*Viola Dana* As an Old Fashioned Girl---*Other Pictures* Reviewed by

Ruth Mabrey

Clara Bow as the Quaker's orphan grandchild.

Elmer Clifton directed the picture in a finished manner, though the continuity in the introduction is choppy, and the picture as a whole is too long. The sea atmosphere is delightful, but there is too much of it. There is a thrilling fight with a whale, and some remarkable scenes showing how a whale is gotten aboard ship after it is caught, and how it is cut up.

"Down to the Sea in Ships" is a whale of a picture.

Dorothy Dalton looks so pensive it seems as if she had one of the *"Dark Secrets"* on her mind. That's *Robert Ellis* beside her.

This looks like a contest between *Pat Hartigan* and *Clara Bow* as to which can yell the louder. But it's a regular rough and tumble scrap.

"DARK SECRETS"

Dorothy Dalton in a Mediocre Picture

This picture is very timely now that Coue precepts have swept the country, as it makes use of the assumption that will power can do a great deal toward curing one.

Dorothy Dalton plays

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

A Story of Quakers and Whalemen

This is an unusual sea picture, taken in New Bedford, Mass., the home of the whaling industry. The oldest whaling vessel in the world was used in its making, and the Quaker residents of New Bedford assisted in the production.

It is the love story of a young Quaker girl whose father will not permit her to marry the man she loves because he is neither a Quaker nor a whaleman. The father is both—the head of an enormous whaling fleet.

Then there is a villainous combination, a man with yellow blood in his veins, who pretends to be a Quaker in order to win the whaler's daughter, and his partner, who wishes to get control of the fleet.

Marguerite Courtot makes a delightful little Quakeress, and Raymond McKee is a likable hero. William Walcott is the old Quaker father, and the villain roles are well handled by Patrick Hartigan and J. Thornton Baston. One of the most delightful bits in the picture is that played by

TO THE SEA" OF A PICTURE

You'd think that with all those clothes on, *Viola Dana* would need a bigger fan than that to keep her cool. She needs an electric one.

a society girl who is crippled by a fall from a horse. For some strange reason, the only surgeon who can cure her is an Arab who bears an enmity toward her fiance and toward the white race in general. As a last resort she goes to hun; he will not cure her for money, but only for herself, and then when he comes to collect his price her servant stabs him. So the dying doctor wills her back into her wheel chair and her will is not strong enough to break the curse. However, there is a happy ending.

"Now be a good girl," says *Carl Stockdale* to *Katherine MacDonald* in a flapperish role.

Robert Ellis plays opposite the star, and Jose Ruben is the villainous Arab doctor. The story of the picture is by Edmund Goulding, and it is perhaps rather unusual in them. But it is also quite mediocre.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!

Katherine MacDonald Looks Matronly in a Girlish Role

This is one of those "typical American home" stories, of a middle class family that tries to break into the town's four hundred. And that sort of story is sure to interest almost everyone, especially since it is interwoven with the theme of the reckless rising generation.

Katherine MacDonald is the star in a fairly good picture. Miss MacDonald has been taking on a few pounds, and any screen star who essays girlish roles can not afford to let herself get fat. The result is ludicrous rather than convincing. Miss MacDonald makes use of her two expressions—a smile to denote pleasure, and a solemn face to denote concern.

The hero is played by Jack Dougherty, a comparative newcomer to pictures. The real star of the picture is Carl Stockdale, as the father of the social climbing family. He plays the role with a pathos that makes him the most genuinely lovable member of the cast. Margaret Loomis has a small role as the snobbish rich young woman.

The picture is sufficiently entertaining, if you don't mind the incongruity of Miss MacDonald in the leading role.

"CRINOLINE AND ROMANCE"

Viola Dana As a Clinging Vine

This picture is sure to please all those who long for the good old days of crinoline and fainting ladies, as contrasted to the racy self sufficient girl of today. It is the story of Emmy Lou, who is brought up by an eccentric father in deep seclu-

(*Continued on page* 30)

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

Strauss-Peyton Studios

Stunts That Made Three Stars Shine Brighter

Anna Pavlova, **whose star danced into brilliancy under *Miss Livingstone's* direction.**

Adroit publicity manouvers which *lifted three stage* luminaries into *spotlight of fame.*

By Arthur Leslie

(This instalment of Arthur Leslie's "Confessions of a Movie Press Agent" is a triple expose of how the sapolio of publicity scoured up three twinklers until they shone with greater effulgence.)

DO YOU remember how, in childhood's happy hours you marveled at the old lady in the conical high hat, who rode the sky astride a broomstick? Well, dear grown-up children, you may now read the modern version of Mother Goose, with this difference—the witch who scoured the heavens until three stars shone brighter, happens to be young and charming.

Her name is Beulah Livingstone, otherwise "Naughty Beulah," as her intimates speak of her, because of the way she is able to slip over publicity, despite the fact that argus-eyed editors are scanning every line of news copy to delete any free puffery.

Olga Petrova, **whose path was strewn with the roses of publicity by "the Star of Women Press Agents and the Press Agent of Women Stars."**

Irene Castle, **whose star grew in magnitude under the wand of clever publicity.**

One of the most extensive publicity stunts ever perpetrated by Miss Livingstone was woven around the striking figure of Madame Olga Petrova who, since her debut at the Folies Bergere, New York, some twelve years ago, has become one of the most colorful personalities in either the stage or screen world.

It was when Olga Petrova jumped into national limelight during the late war, by going to thirty-five cities at her own expense, selling United States War Stamps. Each stamp cost twenty-five cents, and Mme. Petrova actually sold over half a million dollars' worth for Uncle Sam. Miss Livingstone arranged for her to be met at the Railroad Station by the Boy Scouts, Letter Carriers, and civic associations. Petrova would ride with the Mayor of the city to the City Hall, and on the steps of that institution would sell her stamps. Thereupon she would return to the train.

Said Miss Livingstone:

"Mme. Petrova really paid all her expenses and in return she received publicity that made her known throughout the United States. It cost her about $8,000, but the newspaper notices could not have been bought for ten times that sum. I claim, without fear of successful contradiction, that it was the most sustained and expensive publicity stunt ever put over.

"It takes all of one's dramatic sense to grasp the essence of a publicity story, present the facts properly and express the whole in English as pure and understandable as the King James version of the New Testament," continued Miss Livingstone. "No matter how clever a woman may be, there is little chance that she will be able to rival Locke, or Bacon, or La Rochefoucauld, or Montaigne. If she tries to deal with generalities and writes glittering introductions, her copy will be cut to pieces unmercifully, because her remarks are likely to be either all wrong or all stale.

"I never realized this as fully as when I undertook to publicize Anna Pavlova. I conceived the idea of having her dance with any one of the numerous holders of tickets to the charitable affair in behalf of the Music School Settlement, held at the Metropolitan Opera House. It happened just at the height of the dance craze, and I persuaded Pavlova to show the one-step, tango and fox-trot.

(Continued on page 29)

How to Make Up for the Screen —

by MADGE BELLAMY

Dainty Screen *Star Confides Secrets* of Make-up *to Movie Aspirants* in Her Fourth *Article on* "The *Screen* as a *Career for* a *Girl.*"

IN ORDER that those of you who contemplate trying your luck in Hollywood may not appear green-horns when answering your first call for extra work, I am going to explain briefly the art of make-up for the screen. Like all other arts, it cannot be taught in one lesson—or in many, for that matter—but must be mastered through practice and study of your own features and complexion.

First, I should advise you not to purchase any make-up until you reach Hollywood, for your home-town druggist cannot have the right supplies, and it will mean money wasted. There are a number of places here that cater just to the motion picture trade, where the salesmen will aid you in choosing the right shade for your coloring.

You will need a case that is just large enough to carry the make-up articles themselves, with, of course, a mirror big enough to reflect your whole face at once. Don't attempt to combine make-up case and suit-case in one—carry your change of wardrobe in a large bag, which you can leave in the dressing room. You will want to take your small case out on the set with you as your make-up may need touching up with a bit of powder. If it becomes streaked with perspiration, you will have to take it all off and apply an entire new make-up, for it cannot be replenished. But it is customary to have your powder-puff and lip-stick at hand, for powder must be dusted over the face frequently and the lips can be touched up without removing the make-up.

THE NUMBER of greasepaint will depend upon your complexion and coloring. Fair skins usually require a pink greasepaint, while dark complexions photograph best with a yellow make-up.

In addition to the greasepaint, you will need a jar of cold cream to remove the make-up, mascara, pink (or yellow) powder, lip rouge or stick—rouge is usually preferable, though a stick may be used if you can get one soft enough—a jar of whitening, a fine camel's hair brush, fluffy powder-puff, some small sticks such as you use in manicuring, and a comb. If your hair is not bobbed, it will be well also to keep in your case an extra hair-net for emergencies, and I always have ready at hand the little things that may be needed, such as needles and thread, scissors, soap and manicure set.

Now let's make-up—I'll tell you how I do it for my Ince pictures. This applies of course to a "straight" role, a modern society girl. If you intend going in for character work, or if you are called upon to play some person who has had a great deal of trouble, such as a poor person in the tenements, or a war refugee, for instance, you will have to add various lines to your face to make it appear haggard. But you should not attempt anything of that kind until you have had experience in "straight" extra work, and there is always a wardrobe mistress or some other player in the dressing room who will help you.

First you cleanse your skin with the cold cream, removing the powder and rouge that you wear on the street in order that you may have a clean foundation to start upon. Put on the pink greasepaint in vertical streaks, then rub it in well, taking care to cover the face, ears and that part of the

(*Continued on page* 29)

***Madge Bellamy,* popular screen star, who counsels movie aspirants to study art of make-up.**

"I should advise you not to purchase any make-up until you reach *Hollywood,*" says *Miss Bellamy,* "for your home-town druggist cannot have the right supplies, and it will be money wasted."

POOR MEN'S WIVES

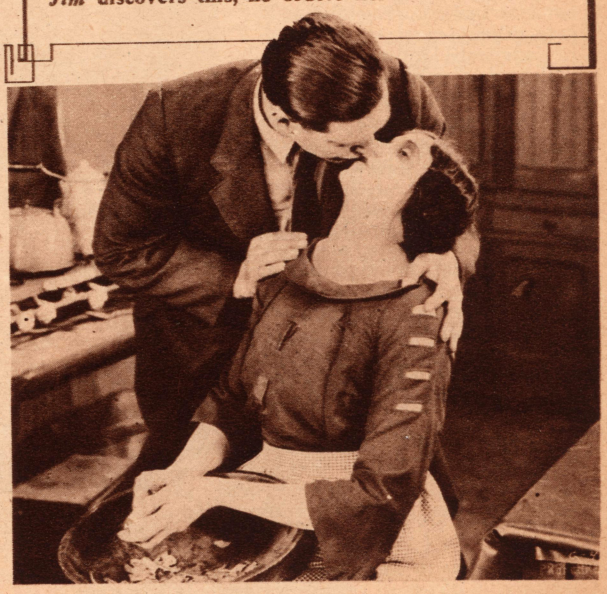
A Drama of Poverty and Love

Laura (*Barbara La Marr*) is a model in a modiste's shop. Her best friend, *Claribel*, is engaged to *Jim* (*David Butler*), a taxi driver, but weds a rich man instead. *Laura*, out of pity for *Jim*, marries him.

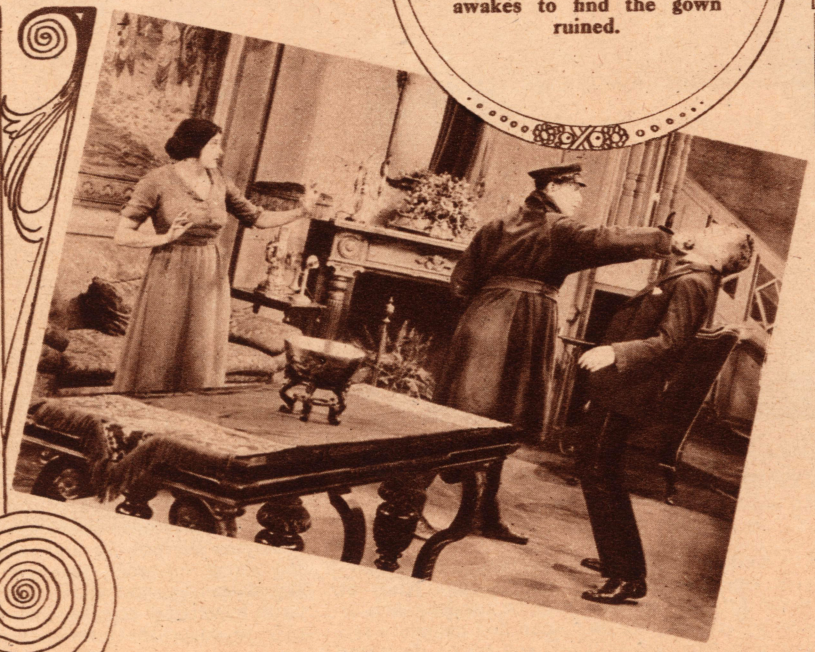
Laura and *Jim* go to housekeeping on *Jim's* meager salary, and, in the course of time, twins come. One night *Laura* meets *Claribel*, who induces her to go to a ball. *Laura* borrows a gown from a modiste's establishment.

Laura goes to the ball and meets *Claribel's* husband, *Smith - Blanton* (*Richard Tucker*). He makes love to her ardently and she at length leaves. On the following morning *Laura* awakes to find the gown ruined.

In her effort to replace the gown, *Laura* breaks open the family bank and takes the contents. When *Jim* discovers this, he orders her from the house.



Laura leaves home heartbroken and goes to *Claribel's* house. Alone, *Jim* is soon overtaken by remorse and he follows *Laura* to the *Smith-Blanton* home. There he meets *Smith-Blanton* and gives him a sound thrashing.



Reunited once more, *Laura* and *Jim* return to their humble little home contented in the thought of their great love for each other, which they realize now is better than great riches.

What Sort of a Kid Was Wally Reid?

His Mother Tells

Wally as he looked a short while ago.

By Julia C. Conklin and Grace Kingsley

WALLACE REID fought the greatest battle a man can fight—the battle against himself. And he won. Even though the victory cost him his life. There are not many men who are willing to face death for their ideals, but Wallace Reid was the clean and courageous hero, not only in his film plays, but in his own life.

Of all the actors of the screen, Wally was the best loved. Through his lovable characterizations and rollicking roles, he has given pleasure to thousands, yes, millions of men, women, and children. He appealed to women for his wholesome charm; but no less to men, because he represented the strong, fine type of young American; and he was especially dear to children, and they are often the best judges. He was the great-hearted playboy of moving pictures and, in spite of the past stormy year of struggle and its tragic close, was honored, respected, and loved by everyone who knew him.

What was he like when he was a kid? That's the question many are asking now. It's the boy, who was father to the man, that we're always eager to learn about. And, after all, maybe it's mother who really knows her son best of all.

At any rate, when you meet Wally Reid's mother, the first thing you ask her is: "What sort of a kid was Wally?" They were always great pals, Wally and his mother, even when he was a little lad. He called her "Bertha," instead of "mother," which fact, in his case, implies a palship genuine and close.

Yet Wally, when he was a youngster, appeared in only one play with his mother, who was, you may remember, a successful actress on Broadway, while his father was the playwright-actor, Hal Reid.

"Wallie was an only child and he never played much with other children," said Mrs. Reid. "He seemed contented with his music and his drawing, and in just being with us, his father and mother. We played most of the time in New York, so we always were able to have him with us. In that way he fell into older ways of manner and speech. I remember a boy in the neighborhood with us who went to his mother one day and exclaimed: 'Mamma, I can't play with that Wally Reid very much; he uses such big words!'"

Wallace Reid as a baby.

Wallace Reid and his *mother* when the late screen star was a lad of nineteen.

Wally used to go to the theatre to see his father and mother act, after he was three or four years old. The first time he went, his mother was playing a flower girl.

"I was supposed to be sixteen years old," said Mrs. Reid, "but the illusion, I fear, was all shattered when my big son, sitting up in the gallery, called out on my appearing on the stage: 'Oh, there's my mamma! There's my mamma!'"

THOUGH Wally was inclined in the main to be a rather quiet and dreamy child, he did yield to one game. His joy was playing pirates in a real old pirates' rendezvous near the Reids' home on the New Jersey Coast. Also all boys decide some time in their lives to run away.

"Just once Wally made up his mind to leave his family flat," said Mrs. Reid. "I went upstairs one night to tuck him in and hear him say his prayers. He wanted me to hold his hand until he went to sleep.

"Wally never was a cow-

(*Continued on page 30*)

Fighting for Love

The Fourth Instalment of

"A Darling of the Rich"

Novelized from the

Whitman Bennett

screen production starring

Betty Blythe

Charmion leaves *Sandy Point* for the big city.

What has happened so far:

PEYTON MARTIN (Montague Love), a rich and unprincipled man of business, learns of the death of a poverty-stricken inventor and plots to gain possession of some plans which he has left to his daughter. He despatches his secretary,

TORRENCE WELSH (Chas. Gerard), a bland and handsome scoundrel, who is acknowledged to possess a "way with women," to the home of the late inventor, with instructions to secure the plans for him. Welsh meets

CHARMION WINSHIP (Betty Blythe), the daughter of the old inventor, and the sweet, innocent girl falls an easy victim to the worldly charms of the silver-tongued Welsh. She despairs of ever meeting the "man of her dreams," and is just about to accept the proposal of marriage made her by Welsh when she is rescued from the water by a man whom she knows at once to be her "dream hero." She refuses Welsh's proposal and, when he persists in seeing her, she disappears. The man who has awakened the love in her heart is

MASON LAWRENCE (Leslie Austin), who is the head of a rubber company that has refused to trade with Martin and is in danger of being crushed by him should he secure the plans to the invention. Mason is out in his roadster when he sees a girl struggling in the water. He rescues her and finds her to be his ideal girl. Too late, he realizes, he has found her, for he is engaged to marry the daughter of his partner,

MIKE CALLAHAN (Walter Walker), who has threatened to withdraw his support from the company unless Lawrence marries his daughter.

FOR THE first time since the rubber company had been formed, Mason Lawrence did not spend the evening in figuring sheets of paper with fine calculations. Nor did he go to his club, nor yet the reigning musical comedy. He went home and sat in his study and drew vaguely executed pictures of a girl's head.

He was obsessed. He was dominated. He told himself that he was "mad."

This, *this* was the sort of thing one read about in books, in lurid fiction. This was the sort of thing that simply did not happen to the hard-headed young financier living in twentieth century New York.

Here he had dreamed of a girl, of a girl's face. He had known it all for a dream. He had put the dream from him. He had said: "Come, Deeds, what am I offered for a Dream!"—and he had been offered the title of "Rubber King" and the hand of Lizzie Callahan. Both of which he had accepted.

Then, just as if to play him a little trick, just as a stroke of delicate and delicious irony, the sea had washed into his arms, under his mouth's caress, the living embodiment of his Dream Girl.

"Absurd!"

Mason Lawrence muttered to himself that it was absurd. But he kept on drawing the remembered face of the girl he had kissed that afternoon.

Even supposing it were all true—what then? He was engaged to Lizzie Callahan. He was committed. Both by virtue of his business and by virtue of his personal word. To go back on his word would mean the endangering of his business, the loss of his friend and the injury to a girl who thought she loved him, even if she didn't.

Young Lawrence groaned in spirit. He knew these things to be facts, but back of the facts Something, a Voice, a Spirit, the Devil, or the God of Love, kept urging: "Find the girl again—find the girl again—somehow—somewhere—sometime!"

Late that night Mason wrote a letter to the local photographer at Sandy Point. If he could find *her* address, if he could know just where to go to *her*, he might be able to set his mind and his leaping pulses at rest. She might not be so beautiful as he had thought she was. She might not feel toward him as he now felt toward her—and yet, there had been that in her eyes when they opened into his which was not to be gainsaid. She had *answered* him, Mason knew that. She had answered him in kind. Her eyes had said what his eyes had said. Her leaping heart under her sheer, wet gown . . . ah, it had leaped to his!

"I've got to find her!" he muttered. "Rubber company or no rubber company, honor or no honor, Lizzie or no Lizzie, I've got to find her again!"

FOR THE next two days Mason Lawrence hung suspended in mid-air, as it were. He thought that if, just once, he could find the name and definite address of the girl, some of his excitement would die down. He would be able to turn to business again. He would have laughed if anyone had told him that a man could be so undone by the mere sight of a woman's face! So this was love! He said it to himself, half jestingly, but in his soul he knew that it was true! This *was* love, this fever, this delirium, this tragedy of hope. And as he knew that it was love, he knew, too, more clearly than ever, the futility, the folly, of a marriage to Lizzie Callahan. He didn't love her, of course, he had known that right along, but the worst of it was that neither did she love him. Not like this. Not like *this*.

On the third day the pictures came, a bulky bundle of them. There was other mail, too, important mail, but Lawrence pushed it aside and sat before his desk with hands that trembled while they shuffled pictured faces, most of them comic, some of them pathetic. He didn't have to look at each one for more than a glance. It would take only a glance for him to know *her* face again, each unforgetable curve was carved, cameo-fashion, upon his heart.

In the midst of his preoccupation, Michael Callahan and Lizzie came in. Lawrence didn't even look up. He thought it was the clerk, and it wasn't until a small, imperious hand wrenched the photographs from him and flung them onto the floor that he realized the presence of Lizzie and her father.

Old Callahan was smiling, a bit sardonically, Lizzie was flaming like a small, outraged peony.

"I didn't know you had gone into the burlesque business," said old Callahan.

"How dare you have all those pictures of horrid girls!" shrilled Lizzie.

Lawrence looked as he felt, ill-at-ease. The shrewd eyes of old Callahan were full upon him. The bright, hurt face of little Lizzie appealed to him. He laughed and stooped to gather them up from where Lizzie had scattered them upon the floor.

"A—a friend of mine asked me to give something to a girl," he said, "I had forgotten the girl's name—and address. I—I've been trying to locate her."

LIZZIE flounced across the room. She was feminine enough to be unsatisfied by the faltered explanation. "You're a better *friend* than you are a sweetheart, I'll say!" she called back.

Lawrence started to leave the room after her. He hated to hurt her. She was a child, and children should not be hurt, but old Callahan deterred him. "Let her go, boy," he said. "Her doggies are downstairs and she'll forget all about this tempest when she's racing along with them."

Lawrence looked at him, rather surprised. When he had first come in, his voice had been a bit bitten with anger. Now he was smiling and his eyes were benevolent again.

He held a photograph in his hand, and when Lawrence looked at it, he felt every trace of color drain from his face. The imprint of Lizzie's angry little heel obliterated the blossoming mouth, but the eyes were the eyes of the Girl He Loved, and underneath the picture was written, "Charmion Winship, daughter of the inventor, Caleb Winship. She has recently left town. Address unknown."

Old Callahan turned to his young partner as he flipped the picture down upon the desk. "I get you, Mason," he said. "You're looking for the owner

(*Continued on page* 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan

WHAT LOVE SCENE DID YOU LIKE BEST? AND WHY?

Everyone has a favorite picture—a picture that told the love story of his or her life. We would like to know what they are. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, "Movie Weekly," 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Would you think that a man at forty would be attracted by a motion picture entitled, "The Dangerous Age?" Sure he was, and he went right down the first night, selected a good seat and viewed a very startling revelation.

Most every person is more or less familiar with the genial traveling salesman, and quite a few of us know how we try to push ourselves back about twenty years sometimes. Then a lot of us have heard the regular question, "Are You Married?" and have heard the answer, "I'm So Glad You're Not." Most of us traveling men are away from home a lot, too, and have sometimes been tempted to write home as in the play and ask to be released, only to be jerked up in about the same manner as the husband in the play.

Of course I only mention traveling men—not that it may not include other men who might be away from home, but as I am a traveling man I know more about them than the others. Usually baseball players, prize fighters, are through at 40, but it is a dangerous age for us traveling men, and this motion picture shows a little reality; Mem-Ories!

"The Dangerous Age" is a very clean and interesting picture, but is pretty deep for us old fellows, when the moral is so clear.

Very truly,
G. W. B.

Give Us Truth, Not Scandal

MR. JAMES CRAIG GORDON.
Dear Sir:

I read your reply in "Movie Weekly" to Mr. George E. Sloan, and want to congratulate you on your straight-from-the-shoulder talk.

It is a "smashing" good reply, strong and truthful.

Scandal does not belong on the front pages of "decent periodicals." "Truth" does. In every walk of life we find scandal. Why lay stress on the scandal which occurs in "movies," the greatest form of entertainment in the world?

Your explanation of conditions is very thorough. I *am* a "movie fan." I like good pictures. Everybody does.

There are "dope fiends" in my own home town.

Yours truly,
F. J. O'NEIL.

In Defense of Arbuckle

In the super-human endeavor to make Hollywood a community of angelic beings, the slimy hand of scandal still reaches out to grasp our best beloved players. Let us remember that none of us is perfect, that it is the easiest thing in the world to throw mud and that the bitter word once spoken can never be recalled. Poor Wallace Reid! What a pity his young life has come to such a tragic end.

You wonder if the public will accept Roscoe Arbuckle. I will not attempt anything so futile as an analysis of the public mind. Just a few days ago the idol of the moment was given the keys to a certain city. The mob went into a frenzy of enthusiasm over him. And only last May that same city was crying: "Put him out of the movies, Will Hays!" because of his marriage. The one sure thing is this: The public is a fickle jade.

No mortal is so innocent that he cannot, through unfortunate circumstances, be some day accused of crime. If he goes before the bar of what is called Justice and is so completely vindicated as Arbuckle has been, shouldn't that end the matter for all time? Why should the public retry him on the fragmentary evidence supplied by a prejudiced and none too scrupulous press? The jury said: "Acquittal is not enough for Roscoe Arbuckle. We feel that a great injustice has been done him, for there was not the slightest proof adduced to connect him in any way with the commission of a crime." And the jury had all the facts, which the public did not.

Why should the public put him down? Time has shown that personally he was no worse than others and that he was better than some. Could anything be more hypocritical than a public that weeps over the tragedies of fiction, but is hostile to righting a great wrong in real life?

One man concerned in the same affair has been featured right along on stage and screen without a single voice being raised against him. This may seem fair to some, but never to me. Would it "purify" the entire industry to make Arbuckle the goat for all, when so many have offended? I don't think so. If any good has resulted from making him an example to others in the business, I fail to see it.

Mr. Hays' official statement contained this: "From all sources has come the word that his conduct has evidenced an honest and successful effort to do right." He has learned the lessons of his carelessness. Could anyone ask more?

The struggle to do right cost Wallace Reid his life. If we could have him back would we not gladly forget his weaknesses in the memory of the good he did in his work? The flowers they give him now won't help him one bit. I have not read the gossip about him. I saw Wally, when he was the picture of vigorous health and buoyant young manhood, and I want to remember him that way.

Roscoe Arbuckle has brought joy to millions the world over (I could write several columns about it). He can do it again. Why not give him the opportunity? His pictures were always clean and amusing. Bring him on! I shall attend any of his pictures shown, to assert my independence, my contempt for all "uplifters"—because I believe in absolute fair play and because I want Arbuckle back, and believe, with Will Hays, "It is eternally right."

JUSTICE.

When they took this picture of *Pola*, they told her to look at the birdie, and this time the photographer meant it!

What a Movie Star Has to Go Through!

I am writing this, hoping that it will prove interesting to the many readers of "Movie Weekly," and partly to show how great is the popularity of Mr. Valentino.

My brother and I went to visit in a little town near Tampa. On reaching our destination, I looked out the train window and noticed a multitude of people. There were girls from thirteen to twenty and ladies from forty to ninety. And talk about flowers—there were enough to decorate the White House. I also noticed a band of about twenty players. At the time I thought that they were either awaiting the arrival of President Harding or taking pictures.

As we alighted from the train, the band struck, playing the "Valentino Blues," and all at once, to my surprise, amazement, consternation, well, call it what you will, my brother was whirled away. The girls pounced upon him and nearly smothered him with kisses. I never saw more flowers wasted in all my life. In the meantime, everyone was yelling: "Valentino! VALENTINO!" My brother, who was about this time beginning to understand how matters stood, tried to tell them that they had made a mistake, that he wasn't Valentino, but it was useless. They wouldn't pay any attention to him. It was fortunate I didn't look like Miss Hudnut, being a blonde, or I hate to think of the consequences. Nevertheless, I was favored with a few jealous glances.

My brother has the same proportions as Valentino, in size and weight, has black hair and eyes and is a bit bronzed, but there all resemblance ends. Furthermore, my brother doesn't look any more like an Italian than Eugene O'Brien does.

We later learned that someone let out the news that Valentino was going to visit that town, so that is how they mistook my brother for the romantic Italian.

We shall never forget the time we had to prove that he was not Valentino, and we sincerely sympathize with the movie people if they have to go through such trials as we experienced.

EDNA VAN LOON.

The Educational Value of Pictures

There are many of us who would like to be well versed on things historical, but through lack of sufficient education might have remained in ignorance had it not been for the movies. I found myself, though leaving high school in my Junior year, to be in this class. However, after seeing such pictures as the "Queen of Sheba," "Cleopatra," "Salome," and others, I have become familiar with the modes and customs which prevailed in the days of the Romans and when Julius Caesar was such a prominent figure. As I am not an enthusiastic reader, I find pictures of this type both entertaining and enlightening, and very seldom miss them.

MABEL W. DREYER.

The Rescue of Jessica

The Seventh Instalment of

"The Cowboy and the Lady"

From the Paramount screen version of the novel by

Clyde Fitch

Novelized by

Margaret MacIvor-Tyndall

What has happened so far:

JESSICA WESTON (Mary Miles Minter), forces her husband to accompany her on a trip to her ranch in Wyoming with the intention of making a man of him. She meets and falls in love with a neghboring ranch owner,

TEDDY NORTH (Tom Moore), a tenderfoot and dude, who reciprocates her love, but is in despair at finding her married. They plan a picnic to which all the neighboring ranch hands are invited. Jessica and Ted fall behind the others and Jessica, in a spirit of mischief, dares North to follow her up the dangerous upper trail. Teddy, unable to restrain her, is terrified to see her disappear over the edge of the precipice. Meanwhile her husband,

FRED WESTON (Robert Schable), who has pleaded a headache as his excuse for not going with the party, has planned to carry his orgies even into Jessica's ranch house. As soon as the party is out of sight, he has planned to go to town to see

MOLLY QUINN (Viora Daniel) the pretty proprietress of the town bar, with whom Weston has carried on a flirtation, begun on his first day in town, and which has made an enemy for him in the person of one

JOEL ROSS (Gray Oliver), foreman of Jessica's ranch. Ross hates Fred Weston for having stolen Molly away from him.

NORTH felt the blood turning to ice in his veins. The cliff at this point rose abruptly to a height of over three hundred feet.

He pictured Jessica's body lying in a mangled heap on the rocks below; unless—unless—a hope, faint, but yet a hope, spurred him to action. Flinging himself from his horse, he ran to the edge of the cliff, and, kneeling, forced himself to look down into the gorge below, where the waters from Horseshoe Falls roared and sparkled playfully in the morning sunshine.

A profound "Thank God!" broke from his parched lips.

The miracle he had hardly dared hope for, had happened. A hundred feet or more below the edge of the cliff his eager eyes spied a slight, girlish form. Jessica, her white face upturned, her bright hair blowing in the breeze that came up from the gorge, was clinging to a sturdy shrub that grew in the rocky ledge.

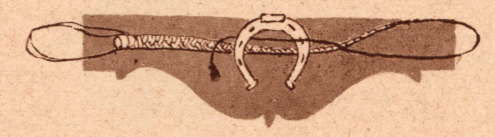
North steadied his shaking voice:

"Can you hold on until I can throw you a rope?" he called.

Jessica's reply was drowned in the roar of the falls below, but Teddy caught her brave attempt at a smile and knew that she understood him.

A rope, an indispensable part of every cowboy's equipment, hung over the pommel of his saddle. If only the shrub would hold out! But the ledge was sandy in spots, and the roots might give way at any moment. If they held—an easy matter then to lift her back to safety.

"Out rather late for a camping party, aren't you?"



HE SMOTHERED a groan as he looked in vain for his horse. What had become of him—and Jessica's black mare?

His eager eyes scanned the narrow trail and searched the shrubbery that grew on either side. In vain! The horses had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and enveloped them.

Teddy called and whistled, a frantic fear giving his voice a penetrating sharpness.

A mocking echo answered him from the opposite side of the canyon.

Every moment seemed an eternity—an eternity fraught with horrible fear and suspense—with the life of the woman he loved with all his heart and soul, hanging in the balance.

"God!" he cried. "What can I do?"

At last, far down the winding path, he saw them—headed straight for the green valley that lay at the foot of the incline. And, as if to taunt him with his helplessness, the rope had become loosened and was dangling against his horse's side. He turned swiftly and retraced his steps.

He must think—and quickly! There was one other chance. He must try to drop over the edge of the cliff and reach Jessica's side. He had noticed a narrow shelf of rock protruding from the underbrush a scant fifty feet from the rocky bottom of the canyon. It was almost directly underneath the spot where Jessica hung suspended. If he could but reach her, together they might make their way down to its promising safety. But, even that was only a promise. The ledge looked strong enough, but that was something that must be taken on faith. It might be one of those formations that crumble at a touch, or it might be solid rock. They could but try and—hope.

"The horses have forsaken us, so I'll come down to you," he called out to Jessica, feigning a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. Jessica's answer was a faint nod of her head, and with a suppressed groan, Teddy realized that her strength was fast giving way.

Could she hold out? He felt he must not betray his alarm. It might frighten her into letting go her hold.

"I'll be with you in a minute!" There was no hint of the despair that clutched his heart in his ringing tones.

Rapidly he surveyed the decline, taking mental note of every possible bit of rock and shrub that might serve him, and swung himself over the edge of the slanting wall. His feet, searching carefully though swiftly, for a crevice, at length found one. He proved its dependableness with one firm pressure of the toe of his hob-nailed boot, and loosed his hold on the edge of the overhanging rock.

"Oh, oh, please don't try it!" Jessica's voice thrilled him with its desperate fear for his safety. It inspired him to Herculean efforts. "Close your eyes! Don't look at me!" he shouted. "Just hold on one minute longer. I'll be with you."

Jessica obeyed. With eyes tightly closed, she summoned all her failing strength, and took a firmer grip on the root of the friendly shrub. Her heart was pounding so that it filled her ears with its sound. Her temples seemed bursting, but with it all she was thrilled with an exultant joy. The man she loved was worthy! She did not hide from herself the truth that she loved him. It seemed to her now that she had always known him; that she had always loved him; he was a part of her life and had always been a part of her dreams. And, even though they both might fall to their death on the rocks below, this one moment of life had been worth living for.

SUDDENLY she felt a sinewy arm about her waist. Teddy's musical voice, with reassuring steadiness, was bidding her have courage.

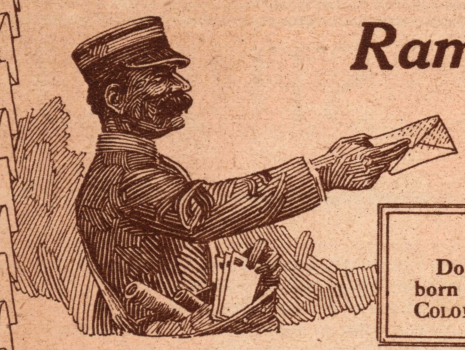
"There's a shelf of rock just below us," he was saying. "Don't lose your nerve and we can reach it. Just let go and slide down. Break your fall by digging into the ledge. I'll be a few inches below you, so you will feel safe. So!"

He loosed his hold of her waist and slid down to a point below her dangling feet. Jessica could hear the noise of the falling sand and rock that was dislodged in his descent, but she dared not look around. Had his groping fingers found the bit of solid rock or the deep-rooted shrub he had hoped for?

It seemed to Jessica that the suspense would never end, and yet it was but a second until her straining ears were rewarded with a cheery

(Continued on page 27)

Ramon Novarro Has Won Her Heart!



ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or—she is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

KREKO—Golly, but I sure do thank you for your kind wish. I had been wishing for a raise in salary, too, and when I showed your letter to the boss, he said that if the customers thought that I ought to have one, he'd give it to me. Come as often as you like, you're as welcome as a bottle of "pre-Volstead." Certainly is sad news about Wally; he sure made a game fight. I should like very much to see your Mardi Gras, but as long as I can't possibly be there, won't you write and tell me all about it? No, Pola Negri did not succumb to the "Bobbed Hair" craze. (Don't show this to anyone, or I'll be stepped on by some "Bobbed Hair devotee.") If you really want to know how it feels to be the wife of a movie star, watch the "Movie Weekly" for a story we expect to run very shortly, written by the wife of a very popular star. Has this answer been long enough for you? Maybe next time I might give you a whole page, but I have too many answers just now.

HOT LIPS—Are they still hot? Why don't you try cold water applications? Ethel Clayton is 29; Rodolph Valentino, 27. Address Ethel Clayton, c-o Film Booking Offices, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. You can't have been watching my page very closely if you haven't seen Rodolph's age published. Yes, Joseph Schildkraut would make a good "Sheik," you can write him at the Lambs' Club, 130 West 44th St., New York. John Bowers, at Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

IVY WIGLEY—Short and sweet, eh, Ivy? I wonder if the reason is that you had compassion on me, or whether you couldn't think of any more questions to ask? You see, when I get a letter asking only one question, I begin to wonder what the reason can be for anything so unusual. Sorry Betty Blythe doesn't give her home address, but you can write her c-o Pyramid Pictures, 150 W. 34th St., New York.

M. C. D. A.—Does that stand for "Mercy Colonel, Do Answer?" Those kind words sure do sound fine. As the "Primmer Donner" says: "Bouquets are always welcome." Bobbie Agnew, c-o Edw. Small, 1493 Broadway, N. Y.; May McAvoy, c-o Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood; Gareth Hughes, c-o Metro Studios, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood, and Bert Lytell, c-o Selznick, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Don't forget to let me know if I have guessed the message of those initials all right.

FLO RIVERS—You should have a "w" on the end of your first name. Sorry your letter was unanswered, it will never happen again, I assure you. I think that both Charles Jones and Harrison Ford would correspond with you. You might try writing the former at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles and Harrison Ford, c-o M. Johnstone, 206 N. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles. It's easy to see who your two favorites are. Buck Jones is interested in athletics, as you might have guessed, and Harrison Ford is a voracious reader (he said that himself, so it must be true). By the way, don't call Charles Jones "Buck." He declared quite a while ago that he didn't intend to be "bucked" any longer. Maybe someone got his goat.

JIM AND CATHERINE—Thank you! Next time I meet either of those two famous men, I am not going to bow down to them, since someone thinks me as great a comedian as they are. Once I told a friend that I thought I was funny and he said, "Yes, you are funny—looking!" So I'm going to be more careful this time. The reason Paramount is losing your favorites, Mary Miles Minter and Wanda Hawley, is that their contracts have expired and for some reason, best known to themselves, they have not re-signed. Possibly they have received another offer or they may just want to get a change of scenery, or again, they might feel that they want a vacation. Sorry I can't tell you Wanda Hawley's age, for when I went to ask her what it was, she offered to play the piano for me and I forgot to ask her. You know, piano playing is her favorite hobby. Nita Naldi was born in New York about 22 years ago. Eugene O'Brien can usually be found in the Hollywood library when he is not working. His pet diversion is to become hidden behind some enormous book, about half as big as himself, and stay there for hours. Write again. Anybody that thinks as much of me as you do is always welcome.

JACKIE—Let's hope it was kiss—not kick. I'm not fond of being kicked, nohow. Of course, only a few people ever ask me questions—few million, that's all. Charles Jones' latest is "Boss of Camp Four." Pauline Garon is just on the middle line between nineteen and twenty; you can reach her c-o Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. She is neither married nor engaged, so I'd advise you to get busy quickly before someone beats you to it. Are you trying to make me mad by telling me of the wonderful weather you are having?

We have had so much snow here that I am beginning to feel like a snow man myself. If I could induce all the "question marks" to leave me alone for a short spell, I might take up your kind invitation and come down to visit you. Now, I'll bet you are kicking yourself for saying that, aren't you?

SAMUEL KOURY—You sure are some poet, and I want you to know it. I'm not so bad myself, am I? Nita Naldi is of Italian descent. Why don't you write a poem about her and send it to her. I'm sure she would love to receive anything like that. If you do so, please send me a copy of the poem and I'll frame it and hang it up in my office. You can address Nita Naldi at Lasky Studios, 6th and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.

VIRGINIA—Now, now, please be reasonable! How should I know why Milton Sills doesn't answer his fan mail? Maybe he never received your letter, or he may have been too busy to answer it, or you may not have received the answer he sent you. So many things could have happened, you see. Why not try writing him again and see if he answers this time? If he doesn't I'll ask him myself why he is so neglectful. So Ramon Novarro has won you, has he? I don't blame you a bit. He was born in Mexico. You might write him care of Metro Studios, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Leatrice Joy is with Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

SWANIE—Don't run too fast when you "run up to see Bebe Daniels," you'll be all out of breath and won't be able to talk to her. I'd advise you to go to the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, at 6th and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I. According to the latest news, she is now recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

MARG—Yes, don't cry, now, Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans. You might try loving Harold Lloyd. He is unmarried and very good-looking. Why don't you write him for one of his pictures and specify that you want one of him without his glasses?

BETTY—You certainly take the prize for asking hard questions. What does a movie star have to do to get into the movies, you want to know? The answer is perfectly plain. She has to Act, 'at's all. Rodolph Valentino's latest was "The Young Rajah." A letter in care of his lawyer, A. B. Graham, at 25 W. 43rd St., N. Y., will be sure to reach him. Mary Pickford is about 5 ft. tall, weighs one hundred pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Address her at 1540 Broadway, N. Y. Dorothy Dalton's latest is "Law and the Lawless." She is 29. "Minnie" was the last picture made by Leatrice Joy. She is about 25.

MISS AMSTERDAM G.—What d'you mean, "start the New Year on time?" Are you trying to be sarcastic. Just for that, I don't believe I'll tell you anything at all. What? All right, just this time, though! Richard Dix is 28 and unmarried. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., and weighs just 170 lbs. more than when he was born. Write him c-o Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Swimming is his favorite, with tennis next. The fellow traveler with Wesley Barry in "School Days" was John Galsworthy. A letter to 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, ought to reach him.

FULLA PEP—You're very considerate. Thank you. Warner Baxter opposite Ethel Clayton. That was Bill and Bob Bradbury who played in "The Adventures of Bill and Bob."

GAIETY—How can you be in love with both Rodolph and Ramon at the same time? You might have them fighting each other if they knew it. Ramon's eyes are dark. Jack Perrin is at Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. He is married to Josephine Hill. Jack Livingstone at 1230 Gardner St., Los Angeles. If he is married he has kept it secret so far, for no one seems to know anything about it either way.

BLANCHE—You'll have to send me a stamped, addressed envelope if you expect me to answer all those questions. You know I only have one page, not a whole magazine. Write me again and I will have your list of answers all ready for you.

BRUNETTE—Lady, I don't like the flavor of your lipstick. Why don't you try peppermint or some nice flavor if you're going to send me kisses often? Charles Jones is married to a girl who is not an actress, therefore I cannot tell her name. There is no certain standard by which movie applicants are judged. A reasonable amount of beauty and a larger amount of brains are the two necessary qualifications. I haven't any wife, so I took all the kiss myself, and it was so sweet that I was ill all day after it.

FRANCES G.—Undoubtedly the two you mention are the two most popular actors. Thank you for your kind words, I will be glad to get a longer letter next time.

INTERESTED — You might have added "and interesting." Eugene O'Brien is not married. He is 38. Casson Ferguson has never taken a leading part in pictures. He is 21 and unmarried. Come in again; don't bother to knock.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

A Cat Tale

Poor Patsy Ruth Miller! She's a disappointed girl. For months she has been looking forward to the cat show in Los Angeles, and then, when the show did open, her joy gave way to grief.

For Ching-a-Ling failed her. Ching-a-Ling is a beautiful Angora, whom Patsy Ruth had been grooming and nurturing carefully for weeks. Two days before the opening of the cat show, Miss Miller took him to the Universal studio, where he showed off before the cast of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and then wandered off.

And he failed to live up to cat traditions. He did not come back!

With the cat show nearing an end and Patsy Ruth Miller in tears,, all the members of the "Hunch-back" company are prowling about Universal City, poking into alleys calling, "Here, kitty, here kitty."

A Few Workless Days

This seems to be the open season for vacations at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood. The leading players are snatching a few days of rest between pictures.

Agnes Ayres is spending her two weeks' vacation in Los Angeles, where she is supervising the building of her new home. Betty Compson just got back from New York, where she "did" the shops and the theatres. Jacqueline Logan took a trip to Colorado Springs, where she formerly lived, and said hello to all her old friends. Pola Negri has been taking a brief rest, and so has Julia Faye, after her very trying role in "Adam's Rib." Jack Holt is taking a holiday after completing his work in "The Tiger's Claw," and he is putting in his time improving the beautiful estate he has purchased in Beverly Hills.

Even in their vacations, they all seem to be working!

Wanda Hawley's New Plans

Wanda Hawley has just fixed herself up with a perfectly beautiful contract—at least it calls for her making her next picture in Paris, which most of us would think was rather thrilling! She has been signed up by Vitagraph. She took out her passports in Los Angeles a few days ago, and soon she'll be sailing away.

Three Cheers for Madge Bellamy

Madge Bellamy is to be a star! Only a short while ago, the screen world had never heard of her, and now she has become such a popular little lady that she is to have her name in electrics—the goal of every young actress. She is to star in "The Tinsel Harvest," in which John Bowers will play opposite her. William A. Seiter is directing the picture at Culver City.

Well, Madge is a lucky lady, and she deserves her luck!

Alice Brady as the "Snow Bride"

Alice Brady and "Lefty" Flynn recently got back from the coldest location even an Eskimo could possibly wish. They journeyed up to Lake Temiskaming, three hundred miles north of Montreal, where the weather was much on the under side of zero.

They were taking exteriors for "The Snow Bride"; it couldn't have been in those scenes that "The Snow Bride" melted into the bridegroom's arms!

***Norma Talmadge* reads all about her trip across the *Sahara* in a recent issue of "*Movie Weekly.*"**

Corinne Griffith Changes Studios

Well, at last Corinne Griffith knows how they make pictures at other studios! Ever since her debut in pictures she has been playing in Vitagraph productions, and with all due respect to Vitagraph, it's about time she took a look at some of the other studios.

Anyway, she is now busy at the Goldwyn Studio in Elinor Glyn's "Six Days."

Will Rogers' Latest

"Cuckoo Nell" is Will Rogers' latest impersonation. He recently introduced a skit in "The Follies," in which he plays the title role of "Cuckoo Nell," or "The Gal of the Golden West."

Incidentally, Will could almost feature himself as the man with the greatest variety of paying occupations in America. Of course his stage and screen work comes first, and just on the side, he is writing a series of articles for one of the New York newspapers, and he is more in demand than any other after dinner speaker—"It's got so that every time I hear a dinner gong, I instinctively get up and spiel," says Will.

And now his latest financial venture—Will is making Victrola records, and the report is that he gets five cents for every one of his records sold, the greatest price ever paid any Victrola artist except Caruso.

Wonder if there's anything Will does that somebody isn't willing to pay him for! Probably if he'd stand on the street corner and bat his eyes, someone would come up and hand him ten dollars!

William S. Hart Back at Work

William S. Hart is back at work again at the Lasky Studio. He has been living at his Southern California ranch, where his sister has been keeping house for him.

Edna Purviance's Illness

Edna Purviance had to stop work for a few weeks while she went home and recovered from a cold that almost decided to turn into pneumonia. Charlie Chaplin is directing Miss Purviance's picture.

Jackie Coogan With Metro

Jackie Coogan is now going to make pictures for Metro. Jackie is such a popular youngster that all kinds of film companies have been bidding for his services. Metro gave Jackie a $500,000 cash bonus and he is to have about half the profits from the four pictures to be made, and which his father will produce.

Talk about your poor little rich boy. Jackie is certainly it!

The Cowboy and the Lady

(Continued from page 24)

"Right-o! Let go! I can catch you! Be careful and break your fall as much as you can!"

Jessica's adventurous spirit returned with the sound of Teddy's steady voice. But she did not need to release her hold. The saving shrub had reached its limit of endurance, and came away in her stiffened fingers as she dropped down the side of the cliff, hugging its rough side with her body, and searching deftly with toes and fingers for a friendly crevice or a firm projection.

Her hands were bleeding and her smart riding breeches were torn and filtered with sand, but she was safe. Again Teddy's protecting arm slid about her waist and his cheek pressed hers.

"What a wonderful girl you are!" he said softly. "So brave and strong and—sweet!" The last word was scarcely audible, but Jessica caught the suppressed emotion in his tone and a sob rose to her throat and choked her.

"Don't——" she began, but instantly closed her lips and her eyes as she felt the impact of the earth under her falling body. Down, down, into what seemed like a bottomless chasm they went, groping blindly and at times futilely for something to grasp.

At length they reached the shelf of rock, which Teddy had made their objective. It proved to be much wider than he had dared to hope and its solid thickness spelled for them the difference between life and death.

But Jessica's nerves had been strained to the breaking point. Lying prone on the level rock, now strewn with the dirt and underbrush that had fallen with them, she broke into passionate weeping.

"Oh, oh!" she sobbed. "I am so ashamed! It is all my fault. I acted so silly. You warned me and I——" the words were inaudible, as she buried her tear-stained face on her arm. Her slender form shook with the force of her emotion. Teddy, watching her with his heart shining in his troubled eyes, thought he had never seen her so lovely. Her hair lay about her shoulders in a mass of gold, her grey cloth riding habit was soiled and torn beyond hope of renovation, but her feminine reaction after the moments of heart-breaking suspense, now that the need for bravery was over, at least temporarily, appealed to Teddy's innate chivalry. He put his arms around her, and she did not resist or push him away from her. Instead, she clung to him with a despairing frenzy.

NORTH forgot everything except that the girl he adored was safe and was in his arms, clinging to him for protection, her usual self-reliant bravery utterly gone.

"Jessica—Jessica, darling," he breathed softly, smoothing the bright hair from her white forehead. "It's all right now, dear. We are safe. We can make our way down from here to the floor of the canyon and there must be a way out to the mouth of the gorge."

Jessica's answer was a slight nod of the head, but she could not stifle her sobs. The tension of the last few weeks, her disappointment over her husband's failure to reform, and more than all else, her fight with herself against the love that had sprung up in her heart for this man who was holding her in his arms, had at last broken down her resolute nature. She felt like a tired child who has found the haven of its mother's arms.

Teddy's face was white and drawn. His usual cheerful grin had vanished. He longed to rain passionate kisses on the pale, sweet face of this girl whom he loved as he never dreamed he could love any woman. But he felt that he must not take advantage of her emotion. Perhaps, when she had recovered her composure, she would regret her seeming response to his affection.

He compressed his lips to keep back the words that clamored for utterance, but his arms tightened around her sob-shaken form.

"Dear, dear girl," he murmured soothingly. "It is all right now."

For answer Jessica's arms stole about his neck and her violet eyes, swimming in tears, were raised to his. "I don't see how you can forgive me," she said unsteadily.

Teddy's self-control gave way. "Forgive you!" he exclaimed. "There is nothing to forgive. I love you—love you better than my life. The first moment that I saw you I loved you—angel of my dreams." He pressed his lips to hers and was not repulsed. The sweetness of them went to his head like wine.

"Jessica—you are mine, you belong to me!" he said quietly, but she shook her head slowly.

"That brute—he is not worthy of you—you can't go on——" Teddy's indignation was rising in incoherent utterances.

Jessica put a quieting forefinger on his lips. "I—promised—to give him—a chance," she managed to say, "and I—must keep—my word——" her voice was scarcely audible. Presently she stood up and held out her hands to him, a sad attempt at a smile curving her lovely lips. "We must forget it—now," she told him. "But I shall like to think that you are near me, my—my friend."

SHE HESITATED slightly over the last word and a wild hope sprung up in Teddy's heart. He took both her hands in his and looked steadily into her deep eyes, his own dark with the inteisity of his feeling.

"My life—my love—are yours—always—whenever you need me!" he said tensely. He held her open palms to his breast for a moment and then dropped them. His tone altered to his usual nonchalant drawl. "Well, we are not yet out of the woods," he remarked, as he surveyed the formidable distance between them and the rock depths below. "But," he added cheerfully, "we can make it, because there are boulders all the way down.

"Better take off your coat," he advised and Jessica, like a trusting child, obeyed without a word. Teddy flung the garment over his arm. "We may need this later," he thought. "If the others don't come back to look for us, we will have to make camp for the night somehow."

But he said nothing of his fears to Jessica. They started down the steep side, picking their way from rock to rock, and dislodging a small avalanche of stone and sand at every step.

The sun had risen to a spot directly over their heads and the breeze that blew briskly over the top of the peak did not touch them. It was becoming intolerably hot. The sound of the cooling waters as it dashed over the rocks below, mocked their thirst. A maddening sense of helplessness swept over North. Why could he not do something to help this tender, sensitive girl whom he loved! If only he might take her away, care for her, shelter and protect her—a sharp cry of pain interrupted his gloomy thoughts.

He wheeled about. Jessica lay crumpled up on the boulder he had just abandoned in order to locate a vantage point in their precipitous descent. One foot was clasped tightly between the palms of her hands and her lips were white and drawn with pain.

Instantly he was by her side.

"My ankle!" she moaned. "I think I've sprained it."

"I don't think it is a sprain," he encouraged her. "The ligaments have been strained, but with rest it will be all right in a few days."

HE HELPED her to her feet and she found that by resting heavily on North's shoulder she could get from one projection to another. They were nearing the foot of the incline now, and the boulders were close together. The water that flowed over the rocky bottom of the canyon was almost touching their feet. They rested for a moment on a huge boulder and Teddy reached down to where the water laughed up at them, glistening in the sunlight like drops of crystal, and filled a collapsible cup which he took from his pocket. Jessica drank of it eagerly, and when he, too, had quenched his thirst, she begged for a cup with which to bathe her face and hands.

And so, together, like two happy children, they made their way across the dangerous channel, sometimes stepping from rock to rock and sometimes with Jessica clinging about Teddy's neck because her sprained ankle would not bear her weight. But, having escaped, as by a miracle, the almost certain death that threatened them on the rocky side of the cliff, the minor danger of the rushing water seemed small by comparison.

(Continued next week)

Let Managers Sign Morality Contract First!

(Continued from page 5)

persons of loose virtue. It indicates the same thing as did the signing of the famous old pre-prohibition drinking pledge. When a man took the pledge, as we used to say, it was an admission that he had been a hard drinker and was going to reform.

Just what the wording of this morality clause will be, no one is at the present definitely certain. However, in view of past events, we can state with certainty that such a clause would be a promise on the actor's part not to drink cocktails, or liquors of any kind; not to involve himself in any scandalous affairs; not to lead a wild and reckless social life; and, above all, not to use dope.

This is a rough sketch of the clause that movie folks have been asked to sign. Do you wonder that they have lost their temper? What would you say if, upon application for a position, your prospective employer brought out a contract involving such terms and demanded that you sign on the dotted line? Well, regardless of what you would say aloud, I am certain that deep in your heart you would feel insulted.

Of course, on the other hand, if your prospective employer stated that he would also sign a similar pledge, you might feel better about it. At least, you could say, he is putting himself in the same boat with me and obligating himself under the same conditions.

That is just the pont of view taken by the actors in this case. They are willing to say in black and white that they will toe the moral mark if their employers do. When we consider the fact that for years and years the employers of show people have been doing as they pleased morally, and when we consider that their attitude towards professional women has frequently been open to criticism, we find it easy to get the actors' slant on the morality clause.

This is in no way an attack upon theatrical or film producers as a whole. There are just as many high-minded and right-minded producers and managers in the show business as there are good and conscientious doctors, lawyers, or business men. But, if the producers feel that they must be protected against the indiscreet morals of a minority of film actors by making all sign a pledge, then the actors should be likewise protected against this minority of managers and producers by making them all sign a pledge insuring morality on their part.

A great deal of talk about the immorality existing in the films, the drug habit among players, and other kinds of defaming stories, are at the bottom of the managers' and producers' attempts to make actors agree to a morality clause. It is the wrong attempt to strengthen the faith of the public in the motion picture industry. Unfortunately, it will impress the public that such a clause is necessary to keep the film people moral, when such is not the case. In spite of all talk to the contrary, I do not believe that the movie-going people of America believe the terrible insinuations and stories that are so eagerly circulated about the people who give us so much pleasure and entertainment in life.

IF THE proposed new standard contract is approved and made a general basis for business deals between actor and producer, I believe that the public will be as much benefited as the actors. At the present moment there are a thousand and one different kinds of written agreements between film players and producers. Of all the variegated forms of contracts, Tom Meighan's is alone looked upon as the ideal one. Every star tries to make his or her new contract approximate Meighan's in form. Tommy receives five thousand dollars a week and he has the power to help in the selection of his own stories, directors, and other important elements of film-making.

The standard contract, with or without the morality clause, would give all players a fair and equitable deal in the way of working hours, financial recompense and would also equip them with some means of recourse in case their employers tried to injure their interests. Working under such favorable conditions, it is obvious that the players could produce better pictures for the movie public. So let us hope that this contract will be agreeable to both sides, and that the morality clause will not prove a stumbling block in its path.

A Darling of the Rich

(Continued from page 22)

of the patent on your own hook, eh? Not so bad—not so bad." He laughed again, gruffly, "For a moment you had me buffaloed," he said. "I didn't want my girl to get in for any unhappiness and I couldn't figure what you were doing with all the Mollies' pictures. Now I see. I should have known. There's no nonsense about you, Lawrence. You'll be a damned fine son-in-law!"

Lawrence was still staring with contracted brow at the lovely, mutilated face. The face Lizzie had mutilated.

"Yes, oh, yes," he said, "yes, I'll make a damned fine son-in-law—I hope, Mike."

CHARMION had figured it all out that night, after Torrence Welsh had gone. So many things had become clear to her. One was that she could no longer stay at Sandy Point. For a little while she had thought that for the sake of Aunt Jane and the children she might marry Torrence Welsh and help them all that way. Other girls had done such things. She had read of them. Then *he* had come, and as soon as he had kissed her she had known that she could never marry any other man. Before she had not known; between knowing and not knowing, there lay the world.

The thing for her to do was to go to New York. She figured it all out very carefully. She had three assets: one was her beauty, the other was her knowledge of antiques, and the third and poorest was the small sum of money she had hoarded, bit by bit, for the past five years.

Charmion realized that beauty was an asset. A beautiful girl was like honey. If she opened a small shop and filled it with rare, delicate things, oddments and antiques, if she presided over it, like some gorgeous genii, she might attract buyers from the richest hives. Such things had been.

If she failed—well, there were always men like Torrence Welsh. If she failed she didn't want Aunt Jane to know, for succeed or fail she determined that she would get the necessary money for the baby's operation; she would somehow find enough to make life livable for these dear people.

"I am one person," she thought, "just one. Compared to Aunt Jane and Fred and Marcia and the baby, *I* don't matter. I want to succeed fairly. I want to be good. I want to be honorable and fair, and I shall try that first, but, right or wrong, good or bad, I shall make things right for them.

"And if I do, then . . . someday . . . *he* may come again and seek me out. *He* may kiss me as *he* did today, on the rocks. *He* may look at me as *he* looked at me then. Someday . . ."

WITH this song in her heart, Charmion fell asleep, and still with that song in her heart, she awoke the next morning and began her preparations for the city.

"Dearest," she told Aunt Jane, "I want you to trust me. I want you not to ask me any questions. I don't want to tell you where I am going or what I am going to do, because if you know you will worry and when you worry you will try to find me, and I want six months out of all life to be all by myself, to *be* myself, without even so much as the interference of thought."

Aunt Jane looked troubled. "I don't know what you'll *do*," she said, vaguely; "I shall be so afraid for you!"

Charmion took the thin, dear shoulders in her warm, strong hands: "You're not to say that, darling!" she cried out. "There's always a place for the young and beautiful . . . now don't be shocked! I *am* young, you know, and I *am* beautiful, and I've got to be peacock-vain and say so, because the world must acknowledge it if I am to succeed. With these weapons I can't fail, and you're to know that and to feel it in your bones, and one fine day I'll come back with my pockets full of gold and we'll all go gaily up to town and you shall go to the opera, bless your heart, and Fred shall buy himself six suits of clothes . . . and baby . . . baby shall get her little hip all straight and fine and well."

By this time Aunt Jane was weeping and laughing, and there were tears in Charmion's eyes. The children were all clamoring and pounding at the door and crying out: "What's the matter? What's the matter with Charm?" until Charmion turned from Aunt Jane and flung open the door and hugged and kissed them all and told them to watch for their ship, for sister was going to make it come sailing in . . .

Aunt Jane stood at the old door and watched the bright, brave figure tugging the suitcase down the path. "You'll be good, Charmion," she called after her, "you won't forget—your—prayers?"

Charmion shook her head. "I shan't forget *anything!*" she sang back, but her eyes were peering for the sand dune where *he* had kissed her lips.

Charmion boarded down in Greenwich Village for two days until she was able to locate the small shop she wanted. It was narrow and musty and evil-smelling, a mere sliver of a place between two walls. But Charmion remedied the evil smell by a curious incense her father had once taught her to compound, and by the time she had stocked her sliver in the wall with the bits of hammered silver and fragments of Chinese jade and other strangenesses which were to make her fortune, two weeks had passed by.

THEY HAD been rather happy weeks for Charmion and when, at the beginning of her third week in New York, with her small supply of money all but gone, she opened her antique shop, she did so with a high and confident heart. Everywhere people had turned to look at her. Eyes . . . eyes . . . eyes. Men's, women's and even children's, had paid her the tribute of admiration. Their eyes were so many mirrors in which her beauty was repeated and flashed back to her again.

But somehow they did not seek her out in the small shop of curios. Day died and night came, and then days and then weeks, and then the end of the first month came and Charmion had not enough money even to pay her rent, let alone send anything home.

Of course, she thought, it couldn't last. She hung signs in the window. She made odd, striking, inviting posters. She even stood in the doorway herself and tried to smile at the passersby, but they mistook her smiles. They did not want to buy her curios.

The landlord came and Charmion explained to him that she was "just beginning." He told her that he had "heard that tale before." He asked her how she thought she was going to make any money selling the queer-looking junk she'd collected. Charmion told him that the things were rare and curious and that she had hoped her beauty and her knowledge of antiques would prove her fortune.

The landlord surveyed her again, then his eyes traveled over the tiny shelves and small counter, then back to her again. He took a step nearer to her:

"You're wiser than I thought, little girl," he said, in quite an unlandlordish tone of voice. "You're wise in one respect and dumb in another. Your antiques, or whatchercallum won't get you very far—but your looks will. For instance, *your looks will pay your rent for you right now!*"

Charmion stared at him. Her instinct was always to believe the best of everyone. She had known kindness all of her life, and so had come to expect it. But there was no kindness in the eyes of the thick-set man facing her. Even *her* inexperience could not name his expression kindness, nor yet the working of his hands . . . fat hands . . . that seemed to be working toward her . . . nearer and nearer . . .

"D'you understand?" he said, and his voice was thick and turgid. Somehow it reminded her of Torrence Welsh.

"I think I do," said Charmion, and just as he made to spring toward her, she raised a squat bronze Buddha in her arm and brought it down on his shoulder.

THE BEAST howled. She had not been mistaken . . . it was undoubtedly the snarl of the beast. And when he stepped back it was the landlord again.

"You'll pay in *cash*, then," he said. "You'll pay in cash or you'll get out. I'll give you until tonight."

(Continued next week)

"Your looks will pay for you, my dear!"

"I May Be Poor, But I'm Respectable"

(Continued from page 9)

business that Polly might as well be a well-seasoned armful of wood for all the attention he pays her. It's enough to make any girl mad.

Joe Rutherford, though, is giving her rather too much attention—pestering her with flowers and dinner invitations, etc., etc.—quite driving the distracted young star out of her mind.

It now transpires that Rutherford is about to fleece Bob out of his share of the business, and when Polly learns that, she hits the well-known ceiling! What! Cheat Bob after the way he worked to—to build up that vast producing organization, and make a star out of her and—the very idea!

Polly is now quite as anxious to get out of the movies as she was to get in—but how? There's her contract, and it isn't ethical to jump a contract. No good girl would think of doing such a thing—even with a villain like Rutherford. There is, however, one sure way to get out of the movies and to stay out—indefinitely. Several stars have done it with marvelous success. Arbuckle did it, so did —but you know the list. Of course, they didn't do it *purposely*—but it worked, and they are out.

You guessed it—get mixed up in a scandal and let the news leak out where Bill Hays can hear it. He'll attend to your case promptly enough—so Polly goes at night, by appointment to Joe Rutherford's bungalow, first having told a newspaper reporter about it, and Joe's wife and everyone within range of the spoken or written word.

So we see (shivers) a Hollywood bungalow at dead of night, an impassioned producer-suitor, a good girl caught in a trap and—well, Hollywood as it is painted, even if it isn't Hollywood as it is.

We shall not divulge the "surprise" of the play.

On the whole, we liked it.

It is good fun.

We were disappointed that Hays wasn't in it and that the so-called scandal petered out—but, lacking these minor considerations, we believe the play teaches a great lesson.

It tells how to get into the movies and how to get out again, without sacrifice of morals, and at a tidy financial profit.

And what play could possibly teach more?

How to Make-Up for the Screen

(Continued from page 19)

neck that is to be exposed by your costume. I have noticed a number of girls, whose faces were beautifully made up, but whose necks showed a dark line when photographed, where the greasepaint had stopped.

After you have rubbed the greasepaint smooth, fluff on the powder, dusting the surplus off with a fine camel's hair brush. Remember that a saving of powder means a shiny face when photographed in a close-up.

Make up your lips very lightly with the rouge or lip-stick. I use but a faint touch of red on my lips, for too much would make them appear made up, which one must avoid. It is much better to have too little make-up on than too much, for the latter makes you look common and ugly.

LAST of all, after you have done your hair, apply the whitening to your hands and arms with a little stick, rubbing it in thoroughly.

Now that you know what sort of wardrobe to bring with you and how to make-up, in my next article I will take up the best ways in which to obtain engagements and, finally, what sort of conditions you will find in motion picture work.

Stunts That Made Three Stars Shine Brighter

(Continued from page 18)

These dances were new then, and the proceeds from this affair broke all box office records. It was the first and only time that Pavlova ever performed any popular dances, or ever danced with the audience. The newspapers thought the stunt worthy of unusual attention.

"Also, I helped put the Castles on the map through arranging a contest at Grand Central Palace, during which gold cups were presented to the winners.

"Every day we crashed into print with special articles and interviews on the newest dance steps. This publicity has been acknowledged as having done much for the Castle vogue."

"And in conclusion?" said I, as Miss Livingstone paused in her extremely interesting narration.

"In conclusion," said she, "you can say that I think some of your women readers, who are students of the motion picture, will eventually take up motion picture publicity instead of the writing of scenarios. Tell them to write the living, breathing story of the new thing—whatever it may be and to bring in the mention of their client in a dignified manner. As for style, the shortest words, the shortest sentences, the clearest forms of expression are the best. Addison is obsolete and Kipling is the best model."

"How about a dash of H. G. Wells?" I slyly interjected.

"Selah," said Beulah.

(Another instalment of Arthur Leslie's "Confessions of a Movie Press Agent" will appear in an early number.)

At What Age Should a Screen Star Marry?

(Continued from page 7)

"Positively not," laughed Mary, "no matter which you consider the pleasure in this particular case. By the way, please don't eat *all* the pink cakes.

"I believe to do a thing well, you've got to put all your time and effort on it. If you attempt two things at once, one is bound to be neglected, and in the 'marriage vs. career' arrangement, it is usually the marriage that suffers.

"When I marry, if I do, that is the day I'll lock up the greasepaint and whitening, forevermore."

"And go back to the farm and take up knitting?" I ventured.

"Indeed, no!" returned Miss Thurman. "I don't mean that by having a home life one has to get into a rut. Far be it from such! No woman who ever expects to 'hold' her husband would resort to that method. The kind of a 'home body' I expect to be is one who is modern, alert and up-to-the-minute, who skates in winter and swims in summer and always with the main point in view."

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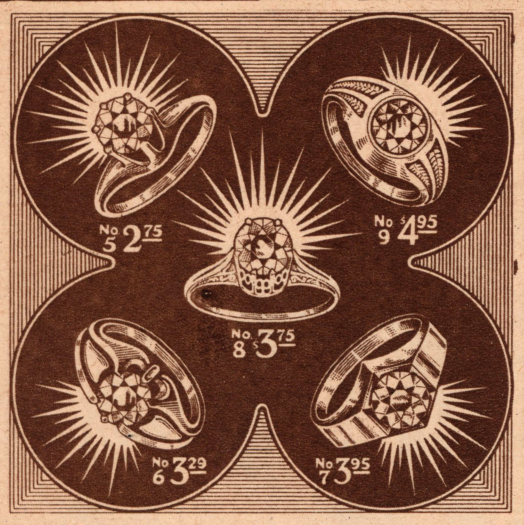

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Pola Negri to Play "Bella Donna"

(*Continued from page* 8)

he has insulted her, holding him off, making him suffer. He pleads for her forgiveness, and when she refuses, he quits her, to hunt for a time, and then to return.

The morning following his departure, Bella Donna hears plaintive native music. She recognizes it as the voice of Baroudi, following her, calling her. She goes to his camp, joins him, accepts his love.

But Baroudi, in return for his sufferance of her, commands her to keep her faithlessness secret. She must do away with her husband. He gives her a little gold box. When Nigel returns, she begins the process of slowly doing away with him, placing each day in his coffee a few grains of the poison Baroudi has given her. Her servant, a native, Ibrahim (Macey Harlam), is her ally.

NIGEL becomes ill. His illness is believed to be sunstroke. He cannot believe that the sun of the desert in which he has worked for so many years should strike him. As he becomes weaker, he writes to Dr. Isaacson for advice. The Doctor, unwilling to believe that Nigel is really suffering from sunstroke, hastens to Egypt with Patricia, fearing that some sinister hand is contriving Nigel's death.

But Bella Donna refuses to permit Isaacson to see Nigel. The latter hears his friend's voice and comes staggering onto the scene.

Then it is that Isaacson learns the truth. He takes Nigel with him back to England, leaving Bella Donna to her desert love.

She goes to the Arabian. To her horror she finds him with another woman. He will endure no opposition to his will, and his will has been that Nigel and the hated ruling English shall never know of his intrigue with Bella Donna.

So she is out in the desert—alone.

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What Sort of a Kid Was Wally Reid?

(*Continued from page* 21)

ard, so I exclaimed: 'Why, son, what's the matter?'

"Then he confessed. He and his playmate in the pirates' game had decided to run away from home.

"'Aren't you happy at home?' I asked him.

"'Sure!' he answered.

"'Well, then, what's the trouble?' I asked. Then it came out.

"'Well, you see,' explained my son, 'we've just got to do it, Jimmie and I, on account of the way Jimmie is treated at home. They're always favorin' his big sister over there,' he went on darkly, in sympathy with his chum's domestic troubles."

"Very well," Mrs. Reid told her son, "I'll give you and Jimmie the money to run away with. But you can't ever come back home. If you leave you must stay away. I'll get some other little boy in your place, who will appreciate a good home."

That gave the youthful Wallace pause. He finally decided to stop on and give the old home another chance. Well . . .

Years passed and he became a man, a screen star, the idol of millions. And then he fell sick, victim to a habit as deadly as it is venomous.

As time went on he seemed to have improved, only twenty-four hours before his death he was sitting in bed listening to his favorite tunes played on the saxophone by his trainer, Ted Hayes—the saxophone that Wally himself loved so much to play.

BUT ON the next day he had a relapse. His blood pressure sank lower and lower, and he lay unconscious. Mrs. Reid refused to move from his bedside, though she was worn out with constant watching over him. On Thursday, the eighteenth, a little past one in the afternoon, he regained consciousness for a moment. Mrs. Reid held him in her arms as he gasped for breath. "God—I—please——" he prayed, and died.

But even though Wally himself has passed into the shadows, he still lives and will live forever on the screen, and will keep on bringing happiness to a care-weary world.

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Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

sion, dressed in the clothes of several generations ago and bred in the old-fashioned way. The fun begins when she runs away to the outside world of jazz and joins her cousin's society set.

Of course the theme is carried on in a semi-farcical manner, it is too ridiculously illogical to be taken seriously. All the young men, for instance, promptly fall in love with the old fashioned girl who doesn't smoke or drink and wears hoop skirts and pantelettes, though the sad truth is that this type of girl is inevitably the wall flower in every party nowadays.

John Bowers is the leading man, though Allan Forrest runs him a close second. Claude Gillingwater plays Emmy Lou's old father in his usual charming fashion; Betty Francisco and Mildred June are also in the cast.

The picture is moderately entertaining for an idle hour.

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Can a Man Love Two Women at the Same Time?

(*Continued from page* 11)

"Oh, it's possible, no doubt," he admitted, "but a love like that is rare. Few of us are lucky enough to love so intensely."

The waiter brought on the finger bowls.

"Are you enjoying your stay in New York?" I asked him—one can't talk of love in front of the waiter.

"I'm having a wonderful time," he declared, "I've seen every 'Follies' in town—Ziegfeld, Greenwich Village, all of them. And 'Merton of the Movies.' I'm having the time of my life. The last time I was in New York, I was letting my hair and beard grow for 'The Primitive Lover.' I looked like such a tramp I didn't dare show my face on Broadway. Imagine being back in New York with all the bright lights and having to keep under cover. But I'm making up for lost time this trip."

"Then," I said, as we rose to go, "your answer to this question is that you can love only one woman at a time if you love that woman deeply enough!"

"That's my answer," he nodded, "but that's a great big IF."

A great big IF! But Harrison is ready to be shown. So here's your chance, you girls with vampire training!

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Screen Stars Who Are Superstitious

(*Continued from page* 13)

she forgot to tell what happened to the friend who broke three mirrors in one day, thereby giving Claire Windsor a chance to break in.

SHE TOLD of opening a brand new silk umbrella in the house just because she was curious to see how it looked—and that very afternoon she lost it! Nor was that all! That same day she came so late to a bargain sale that she couldn't even get one of those silk things that had been marked down from $20 to $19.50. And all from opening an umbrella in the house.

Pauline Starke spoke up.

"I met a piebald horse once," she began, "face to face. And just then I happened to look down on the ground and saw a fat pocketbook lying there. 'There,' I said to myself, 'I always knew meeting a piebald horse face to face meant good luck.' Then, as I stooped to pick up the pocketbook, the horse turned around and, woe of woes, I saw its tail."

"What did it mean?" interrupted Kenneth Harlan.

"Bad luck," said Pauline Starke. "If you ever see the tail of a piebald horse you can be prepared for the worst."

"Did anything happen?" Came an eager chorus.

"I should say it did," said Pauline. "As I turned round, a stranger approached and picked up the pocketbook in which there was six hundred dollars."

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Can Women Be Fooled?

(*Continued from page* 3)

pages? That might be original. You see, I imagine that what you mean by your question is whether or no I have ever played the gay Lothario in my private life, trusting that the 'folks at home' would never know; whether I have ever said, 'Dearie, I'm working late tonight' and then have gone surreptitiously off to some sequestered nook with some fair gal. No, really, I haven't. I don't. And I shan't.

"My reason is a selfish one. I am never as happy as when I am at home. Nothing, no one, is so attractive to me as my own wife and my own family. I would rather be there than I would be any other place I know of under the sun.

"Why should I search for happiness that would be less than what is rightfully my own?

"I don't know whether I could fool a woman or

not. I have never given it a thought. I doubt it.

"On the face of it, and merely for the sake of argumentation, I should say that a woman can be fooled, *only when she wants to be,* either consciously or subconsciously.

"But I do know, I can tell you, that women can easily fool *me!* I place myself at the mercy of your sex. I admit it unreservedly. I wouldn't have a chance.

"Why, my dear lady, a woman can fool me every time she changes her hat! I always feel that I have to make her acquaintance all over again, assuming that I recognize her at all. Hats change women's personalities more than any other articles of apparel, more than any trick of make-up or mannerism—at least to me."

Well, girls, there is an advantage in having one hat! Mr. Stone will always know you when he sees you.

Belasco Succumbs to Lure of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 12)

dramatic art and are now worthy mediums for dramatic expression. If this is not entirely the truth of the matter Mr. Belasco at least has realized the possibilities of the movies and sees in them a new channel through which to interpret those plays he has cherished many years.

To Warner Brothers belongs the credit of persuading David Belasco to ally himself in a personal way with the motion picture industry. According to the Belasco agreement A. Warner states that the eminent impresario will give his attention and personal supervision to the production of these plays in the films by editing the scripts, and will coöperate in the preparation of the continuities.

He will have the final say before any one of the three pictures are released for public view. This in itself insures the fans of three future picture productions that will approach dramatic perfection as closely as possible.

There is one department of stage production in which Mr. Belasco's unusual genius especially excells and that is the casting department. Have you ever had the pleasure of seeing one of his hand-picked casts interpreting one of his dramas? If so you will quickly realize what it will mean to have him select the casts for "Deburau," "Daddies," and "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Can a Woman Love Two Men at the Same Time?

Continued from page 10)

had been ruined forever, until we found a mirror and discovered that we were as good as ever.

"We all wore four pairs of stockings and slept in most of our clothes, especially the stockings. Sonia Levine, who wrote the story, was with us, and she slept in a fur lined aviation cap.

"There were no houses, no town up there. A log cabin had been built for the company, and someone was careless about fitting the logs together, for the cold had a way of getting in no matter what we did. Brr . . . I certainly pity the Eskimau, now that I know what they have to endure.

Miss Brady is in pictures to stay for a while. She has no stage plans, and probably will not appear on the stage this spring, as she has in former years.

Alice Brady fans will be glad to know that despite her experience in the north with its lowest temperature of 38 below, and the slight case of grippe she contracted on her way back to New York, she has not looked better in several years. Her face is fuller, she looks rested, more like the Alice Brady of early Realart days and the girl who won thousands of admirers by her stage work in "Forever After."

"Only I wish I could get rid of this cold . . ." she sneezed, and rose to assume her role of Annette, the French-Canadian girl who is saved from an avalanche by the stalwart hero of "Snow Bride."

Let me tell you about the remarkable discovery which removed my superfluous hair at once---then forever

To look at my face today—to see my skin as free from hair as a baby's and as clear and rosy looking as that of a young girl—you would not believe that I was once literally a "bearded woman" with hair on cheeks, chin and lips, and with a skin coarse and blemished.

A Woman's Experience

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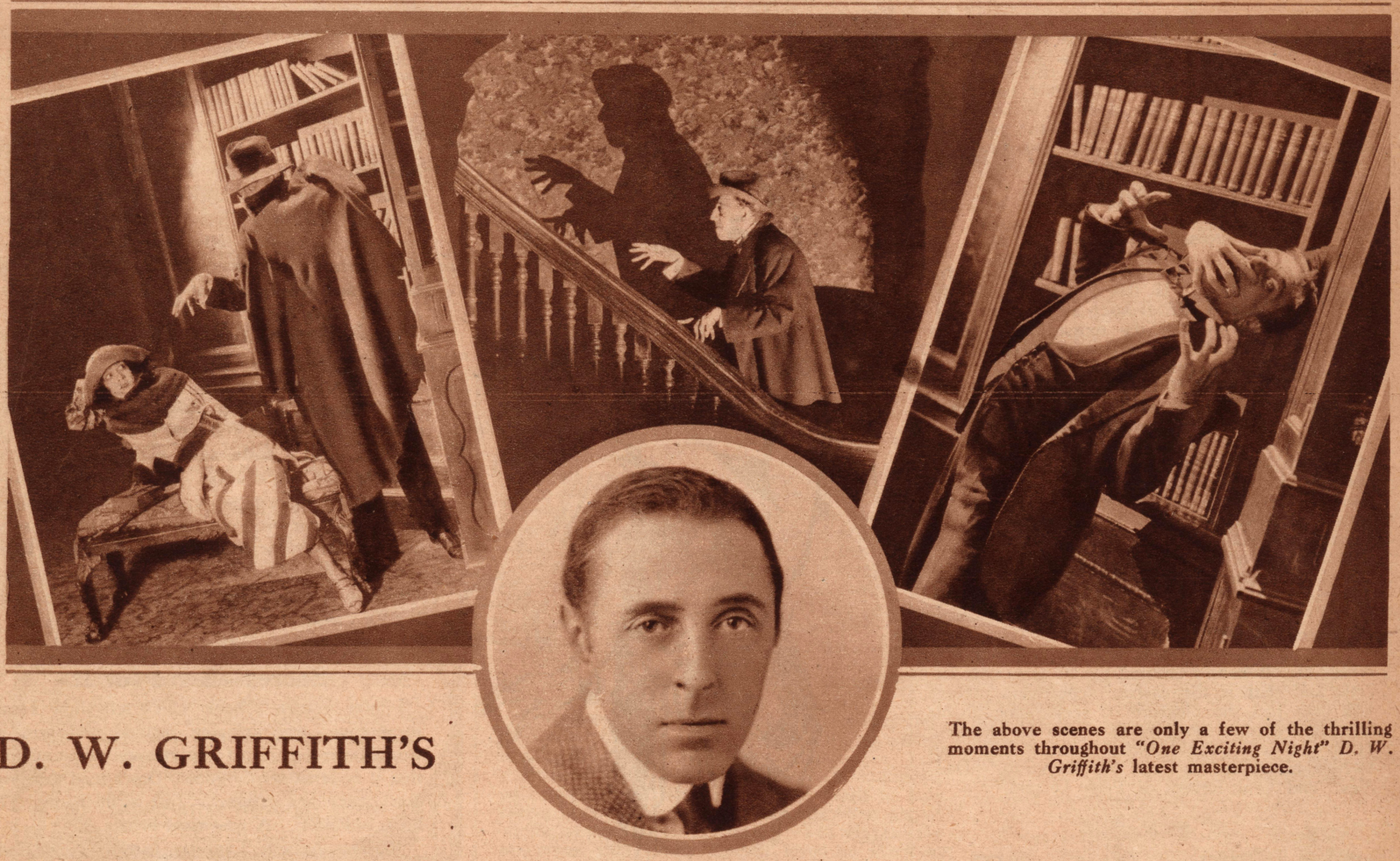

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